

AMOR ELIXIR

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AMOR ELIXIR

by [Ho_ooshi](#)

Summary

Amor Elixir

Draft

Once consumed, this elixir will mend any physical wounds, thanks to its base—a regeneration potion. Symbolically, it represents the healing of broken hearts.

Its primary effect mimics that of a love potion: the drinker becomes deeply drawn to the presence of another, exhibiting clingy and affectionate behavior. While the regenerative properties remain, expect side effects similar to standard healing brews—rapid wound closure, mild dizziness, and migraine-like symptoms.

Or

Flame drinks a love potion while Wemmbu tries his best to fix him.

Chapter 1: AMOR ELIXIR

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

May or may not follow the actual plot.

CHAPTER 1: AMOR ELIXIR

The two demons were hurled backward by the force of the explosion—FlameFraggs skidding across the dirt, and Wemmbu slamming into a mossy boulder with a grunt. The totem in Wemmbu's hand disintegrated mid-air, its magic spent, leaving behind a faint shimmer and the sharp sting of vulnerability.

"Damn it," Wemmbu muttered, checking his inventory with a flick of his wrist. He needed to restock—fast.

Without hesitation, he put his mace away and swapped it for his elytra. The moment the wings latched onto his back, he fired a firework and launched himself skyward, the trail of sparks vanishing into the canopy above.

From the ground, FlameFraggs staggered to his feet, brushing soot from his armor. He squinted up at the fleeing figure and shouted, "Coward!"

He drew his bow in one fluid motion, readied a flaming arrow, and let it fly.

The arrow hissed through the air, catching up to Wemmbu just as he

reached for another firework. A sharp snap echoed through the trees, followed by a startled yelp.

Wemmbu twisted mid-air, eyes wide as he felt the searing pain of the arrow tearing through his elytra. The fabric caught fire almost instantly, flames licking up the purple wings. Cursing under his breath, he yanked the burning elytra off and dropped like a stone, landing hard on a thick tree branch with a grunt.

Below, FlameFraggs sprinted toward the spot where the smoldering elytra had fallen, eyes scanning the treetops. His breath came in short bursts, adrenaline still surging through his veins.

A faint rustle above caught his attention.

He looked up—and there, half-hidden in the leaves, was Wemmbu. The purple-haired demon was crouched on the branch, rummaging through his ender chest with frantic urgency.

Wemmbu pulled out a shimmering pink potion—regeneration. He uncorked it, ready to drink, but before the bottle reached his lips, another arrow whistled through the air and grazed his arm.

"OW—!" The potion slipped from his fingers, tumbling through the air and shattering just a few meters from FlameFraggs.

He welcomed the splash of the potion and almost instantly, he can feel his wounds closing and the blood stopping. Feeling much better, he turned to look back at the purple demon at the tree.

"BRO—" Wemmbu shouted, voice cracking with disbelief. "You're

actually so fucking annoying it's unbelievable!"

He slammed the ender chest shut, yanked his mace from his back, and leapt from the branch with a snarl.

FlameFraggs reached for a slow-falling arrow, but before he could draw it, a sharp pain stabbed through his skull. His vision blurred as he felt the world tilting.

He barely managed to raise his shield before the mace came crashing down.

The impact echoed like thunder, and FlameFraggs's totem burst in a flash of gold and green. The ground beneath him cracked, forming a shallow crater from the sheer force of the blow. His legs buckled and he can feel his arms trembling. Cold sweat started to drip down from his face as he gasped for air.

With a frustrated growl, he tore off his blindfold, tossing it aside. His vision cleared just in time to catch a glimpse of Wemmbu at the edge of the clearing, already retreating.

FlameFraggs tried to follow—but the headache returned with a vengeance, like a spike being driven into his skull. He stumbled, catching himself against a tree trunk, muttering curses under his breath.

He could still feel the heat of the battle in his bones, the sting of humiliation in his chest.

"Next time," he growled, eyes scanning the forest. "You're not getting

away."

But for now, his rematch would have to wait.

...

EggChan had been obsessed with potion making lately.

While out on an adventure with Wemmbu, they came across an abandoned witch hut. When they looted it, EggChan found a book left behind. It was clearly a spellbook. But what truly caught his attention wasn't the spells—it was the meticulous list of potion ingredients, each paired with mysterious effects.

He's been busy at Wemmbu's base, brewing different kinds of potion to create a new potion. Writing down every ingredient needed and the effect it gives to a person.

The door opened and Wemmbu entered, his cape torn and wounds bleeding.

A normal Tuesday for EggChan.

"How'd the rematch go?" EggChan asked, though he probably already know the answer to that. He then passed the purple-haired demon a regeneration potion.

Wemmbu caught the potion, uncorking it as he drank a good amount of the potion. Soon feeling much better with his wounds closing.

Wemmbu didn't respond, scoffing as he put the bottle down and started taking off his chipped armor.

"Bro won't even let me restock." He complained.

EggChan snorted, "I mean, would you let your enemy restock?"

"Brother, he wanted a fair rematch. How is it fair if he gets full gear and I don't?!"

EggChan ignored the rant, turning back to his brewing station. He scribbled down notes for a new potion, humming softly as he opened a chest brimming with colorful bottles.

EggChan hummed, opening a chest full of potions. He's missing one potion, where could he have put it?

"He broke my elytra too! He's actually so fucking annoying—" Wemmbu continued, voice rising in frustration.

He grabbed a mirror and studied his reflection. Scratches marred his face, dried blood streaked his cheek, and dark bags sagged beneath his eyes. His smudged red eyeliner was the final insult. With a sigh, he wiped his face clean, bandaged the worst cuts, and began fixing his eyeliner with practiced precision.

"Dude," EggChan called over his shoulder, "did you take some of my potions? One's missing."

Wemmbu didn't bother giving EggChan a glance, too focused on making his eyeliner even.

"Yeah, I grabbed a few before the fight. Forgot to tell you."

EggChan paused in place.

"What potion did you take?"

Pausing, Wemmbu pointed at the chest EggChan is currently looking at, "I took five strength potions from there," then he pointed to the counter, where EggChan's brewing station is. "And I just grabbed the regeneration potion that was on the counter right there."

"The pink one?"

Wemmbu nodded, "Yeah. Why?"

EggChan whipped his head towards Wemmbu, panic drawn all over his face.

EggChan whipped around, panic etched across his face. "Dude—that wasn't a regeneration potion!"

Wemmbu paused, eyeliner pencil hovering mid-air. "What do you mean?"

"That potion wasn't finished!" EggChan snatched a book from the bookshelf, flipping frantically through pages until he found the right one. He shoved it toward Wemmbu.

Amor Elixir

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Once consumed, this elixir will mend any physical wounds, thanks to its base—a regeneration potion. Symbolically, it represents the healing of broken hearts.

Its primary effect mimics that of a love potion: the drinker becomes deeply drawn to the presence of another, exhibiting clingy and affectionate behavior. While the regenerative properties remain, expect side effects similar to standard healing brews—rapid wound closure, mild dizziness, and migraine-like symptoms.

Warning: *Exercise caution. Upon drinking, you will immediately imprint on the first person you see, creating an intense emotional bond that may be difficult to break.*

Wemmbu blinked at the neat handwriting, then looked up. Silence stretched between them.

"Now why would you make a love potion—"

"It was for an experiment!" EggChan shot back defensively.

Wemmbu laughed, "Yeah, okay bro. Don't worry, I didn't drink it."

Relief washed over EggChan. "Good, because that potion wasn't finished. I have no idea what the actual effects are—I just wrote down what I thought they'd be."

Wemmbu's smile faltered as a memory surfaced—the moment the pink potion slipped from his grip and shattered against FlameFraggs.

EggChan sighed, turning back to his notes. "Good thing you didn't drink it."

Wemmbu swallowed hard. "Yeah... about that."

FlameFraggs sprinted toward the spot where the smoldering elytra had fallen, eyes scanning the treetops. His breath came in short bursts, adrenaline still surging through his veins.

A faint rustle above caught his attention.

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"BRO—" Wemmbu shouted, voice cracking with disbelief. "You're actually so fucking annoying it's unbelievable!"

EggChan glanced up. "What?"

"I... might've splashed it on FlameFrag's."

The two fell quiet.

"What." EggChan finally muttered.

Wemmbu turned to EggChan, a horrified expression on his face.

"I fucking splashed the potion on FlameFrag's bro— I— what do I do?!" He stuttered, grabbing EggChan by the shoulders.

He froze mid-shake, then laughed nervously. "Wait—you said the first person he sees becomes the target, right? He's wearing a blindfold for fuck's sake! We're good!"

EggChan stared at him. "Brother, that was a draft. I haven't tested the potion. Those were just expected effects—I don't know if that's what actually happens."

Wemmbu's grin collapsed. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"Dude."

Chapter End Notes

This is just something I've written in my free time, please be reminded that this is not proofread at all LOLLOL so there might be grammatical errors here and there. My bad lmao

Also, a lot of intentional ooc ahead. I swear it's for the plot-

Chapter 2: CLOSE QUARTERS

Chapter Notes

Grammatical errors ahead

CHAPTER 2: CLOSE QUARTERS

Amor Elixir

Draft

*Amor Elixir's effect is that of a love-struck person and just like **love**, the effect also continues to develop as time goes on.*

Stage 1

Warmth blooms in the drinker's veins the moment the elixir is swallowed. Torn flesh and broken bones knit together as if time itself rewinds. Yet, alongside this physical renewal comes a subtle pull—a sense of comfort and familiarity toward the first person in sight. Their presence feels magnetic, a quiet gravity that draws the drinker closer. At this stage, the feeling is tender, almost innocent: a desire to linger, to share a smile, to stay near without reason.

FlameFrag didn't know what was wrong with him.

He told himself it was exhaustion — that the lingering ache in his chest, the restless twitch of his hands, the way his thoughts kept drifting toward a certain *purple-haired demon*— was just stress. Adrenaline. Leftover tension from the fight.

But every time he closed his eyes, he saw that same flash of purple

hair.

That same grin before disappearing into the forest.

He should've hated him for it. He *did* hate him.

So why did thinking about Wemmbu make his stomach feel like it was on fire?

FlameFrag groaned, clutching his head. "I'm losing it. That's it. Lost my damn mind."

...

Meanwhile, in the safety of Wemmbu's base, the said demon was pacing back and forth while EggChan insert another empty bottle on his brewing stand.

"I *can't* go near him again," Wemmbu hissed. "He's gonna act all weird and cringy and—ugh! it's gonna be the death of me!"

EggChan didn't look up. "You have to. You're the one he's, uh... fixated on."

"Don't say it like *that*!" Wemmbu groaned, tugging on his hair.

After a full night of arguing, EggChan had finally managed to whip up what he *hoped* was an antidote. According to the book—well, more

like according to his best guess based on the book—it should reverse the effects of the love potion. Probably. Maybe.

Okay, so he may have just tossed in a bunch of ingredients that *sounded* like they'd cancel out affection-based enchantments. He hadn't tested it yet. Mostly because he hadn't even confirmed what the original potion *actually* did in the first place. But hey, the book hadn't let him down so far. He'd been using it for a month now, and everything he brewed from it had worked. More or less.

He was confident. Ish.

EggChan shrugged, scribbling notes in his journal. "Look, you're the only one who can get close enough to make him drink the antidote. So, either you risk being murdered by FlameFrag, or you let him stay like... this."

"*Like this*' meaning he gets heart eyes every time he sees me?" Wemmbu snapped.

"Pretty much."

Wemmbu let out a strangled noise. "I hate you so much, Egg."

"I know," EggChan said cheerfully, reaching for another ingredient. "Now go before he finds *you* first."

Wemmbu grumbled under his breath, grabbed the bottle of shimmering blue antidote, and slammed open their front door before stomping out to find a certain immortal demon.

...

He wasn't exactly looking forward on meeting his rival at his current state right now, so he decided to walk to FlameFrag's base rather than take air travel.

He was walking for about five minutes before he heard a familiar voice.

"Wemmbu?"

FlameFrag appeared from the trees, armor gleaming in the sunlight. He was breathing heavily, like he'd been searching for a while.

"There you are," FlameFrag said, walking closer.

Wemmbu blinked. "Uh... hi?"

FlameFrag crossed his arms but his expression wasn't angry. Just... different. "I've been looking for you."

FlameFrag stiffened when he just realized what he had just said. Is he okay? Why was he looking for him in the first place? He has no idea. Maybe his thoughts had slipped past his mouth without permission. That was totally a thing that could happen. Totally.

That sentence alone was enough to make Wemmbu's stomach drop.

"Why?"

FlameFrag opened his mouth, then closed it again. His expression flickered between frustration and confusion. "What."

Now Wemmbu was just confused, what is this conversation even about anyway? "Huh?"

FlameFrag shook his head, clearing his throat and steadying himself. "About the rematch." He said, recalling yesterday's events.

Wemmbu visibly shrunk from where he was standing. Maybe air travel is much more faster.

"Right..." Wemmbu trailed off, hiding the antidote on his cape.

"Why'd you dip bro? How is that fair?" He started, his words complains but his tone was soft, almost playful.

"I still want my rematch." Uncrossing his arms, he took a step forward towards Wemmbu.

"Right. A rematch." Wemmbu forced a nervous laugh, "Sure, let's, uh, fight later! How about never?"

Wemmbu then shoved the antidote to FlameFrag's chest, it was inside a glass bottle and FlameFrag quickly grabbed it with his hands before it fell to the ground.

"Here! As compensation for my... uh, indecency yesterday... I decided to go out of my way to get you this." Wemmbu's voice was quick and stuttering.

He laughed nervously, "You should drink some water. You look dehydrated."

"Water?"

"Yeah! Totally normal, non-suspicious water."

FlameFrag frowned at the obvious lie. "Why are you sweating?" He noted.

"Because" Wemmbu gestured vaguely around them. "—it's hot. Global warming. Very tragic."

FlameFrag deadpanned at Wemmbu's layered clothes. He was wearing a white blouse with purple waistcoat on top, a purple brooch sat just below his collar and his purple cape was flowing against the wind behind him.

"You're *very* bad at lying."

Wemmbu chuckled nervously, "I'm *not* lying."

Well, to think of it— it was from Wemmbu. After numerous fights with the guy, it's the first that the other has given him a peace offering. Although Wemmbu said that it was a compensation for yesterday's

event, FlameFrag's can't help but feel flattered.

He doesn't know why, maybe it's because it's the first time someone had actually thought of giving him something as a gift? Sure, he received similar things before but those were to get his *trust*, to get him to be indebted with them so that FlameFrag's would feel the need to pay them back.

But this? Such harmless act almost made the butterflies in his stomach flutter.

Wait... What?

Did he really just think that? What is wrong with him? Had he gotten soft? Confused, FlameFrag's stared down at the bottle.

It's literally just a bottle of water. What's so thoughtful about it?

It's cute thought.

"A bottle of water...?" He trailed off, looking at Wemmbu.

Wemmbu froze in place, he just realized how stupid his reasoning of giving him a bottle of "*water*" is. He was so caught off by the fact that his very own rival could be under a love potion to the point that he didn't even thought of a good way to execute his lies.

"Aren't you thirsty?" Wemmbu mentally face-palmed.

Confused, FlameFrag just shook his head and uncorked the bottle and raising it up to take a big gulp. Whatever, it's just water.

He gulped down the whole liquid, with Wemmbu watching eagerly.

FlameFrag released a refreshed sigh after downing the bottle of water, looking back at Wemmbu who's already staring at him.

"...What."

"Do you feel anything?"

FlameFrag raised an eyebrow. "Am I supposed to feel something?"

Wemmbu quickly shook his head no, "No! Not at all."

"Whatever. Just..." *don't disappear on me like yesterday again.*

He held back his tongue before the words could even come out.

Wemmbu waited impatiently for what he was about to say before remembering FlameFrag's request for another rematch. Frustrated, Wemmbu snapped, "Bro, you literally tried to *kill* me yesterday! Give me a break!"

"Yeah, and I'll do it again," FlameFrag said too quickly, head turning away. "But... like... later."

Wemmbu had never felt more terrified in his life.

"Cool. Yeah. Later," he said weakly. "I'll just— uh— go... not die somewhere."

As he backed away into the trees, FlameFrag actually followed him for a few steps. Wemmbu practically wanted to sprint after that.

"Where are you going?"

FlameFrag doesn't know why, but something inside him wants to tag along with Wemmbu. Almost as if there's an invincible force making him attracted to the other guy that makes him want to be always with him all the time.

To the nether, anywhere that's far away from you. Wemmbu wanted to say. "Um... Mine stuff..."

He wasn't exactly on good terms with FlameFrag— *I mean, when was he ever in good terms with FlameFrag?*— as he and the other are practically known for being rivals by the entire server. Not only that, as much as he hates to admit, he *is* also pretty known to always lose a fight with FlameFrag.

As much as that humiliates him, he *is* also known to be pretty persistent, determined and stubborn. Once he set his mind on a task, he will do anything to complete said task.

That was enough to prove to others that he is indeed a worthy opponent for the immortal demon, despite his losing streak in the past.

With that, Wemmbu wasn't exactly thrilled to see his rival displaying a clingier side to him.

"I'll come with you." FlameFrag equipped his pickaxe, figured that they will be farming some ores.

It was weird. Seeing your opponent being oddly calm around you, it sends a wave of shivers down to Wemmbu's back. Usually, whenever they were at each other's presence, they would talk with their swords, not with words.

Meanwhile, FlameFrag was conflicted. Did he really just said that? Why in the world would he want to come with *him* of all people? Is he out of his mind?

But for some reason, as much as he wants to take his words back, mining with someone doesn't sound half bad. He was almost out of diamonds, too. It'd be nice to have a company while mining.

The thought somehow calms him, being less lonely does sound kinda nice.

...

Down below a ravine, hundreds of blocks away from the surface, were

two companions worked in silence. Their pickaxes striking stone in rhythmic echoes that faded into the dark. The air was heavy with the scent of earth and the faint glimmer of ores embedded in the walls. They had stumbled upon an abandoned mine and started looting the place, making tunnels after tunnels to find more ores.

FlameFrag dug his own path, opposite from his Wemmbu's. Oddly enough, he felt... comfortable. The word tasted strange in his mind, like something foreign, something he had never truly owned. Comfort was not a feeling he was accustomed to. He had lived his entire existence in solitude, because friends—companions—were burdens. They slowed you down. They made you weak. They demanded pieces of you that you could never afford to give.

He just couldn't see himself being friends with anyone. Being friends means being vulnerable and lowering down his walls and that is something he absolutely couldn't afford to happen.

To be a friend meant lowering walls, exposing the raw, unarmored self beneath the netherite armor. And Flame had built his walls high, reinforced with victories and killstreaks, fortified by the blood of those who had tried to take his crown. Vulnerability was a luxury he could not afford—not in this world, not in this server where strength was the only currency.

People never saw him as a person. They saw a weapon. A blade honed for war. A name etched into their blood like a warning. Flame was forged in the world of chaos, in the endless cycle of raids and ambushes where the higher your killstreak, the higher your worth. He had learned to embrace it—the cold, mechanical truth of his existence. Others were nothing but mere stepping stones, nothing more. Their defeat was his ascent. Their dreams shattered beneath his blade so his own could soar.

He was used to it. The endless hunt for the title of strongest. The constant stream of challengers—noobs with bright eyes and foolish hopes—coming for his throne. He crushed them all. Again and again.

Their ambitions were fragile things, easily broken. And Flame banned them without hesitation.

But Wemmbu...

Wemmbu was different.

He fought Flame not with arrogance, not with the hollow bravado of those who sought fame. He fought with something rarer—something purer. Determination. His strikes carried weight, not because they were strong, but because they meant something. Every swing was a declaration, a promise.

Wemmbu didn't fight to prove himself to the world. He fought to prove something to Flame. And in that, he gave Flame something no one else ever had—a reason to feel alive.

Their battles were not mere clashes of steel and skill. They were conversations. Dialogues written in parries and counters and in those moments, Flame was not a weapon. He was someone. He was a rival. An equal.

A person.

Meanwhile, on the other side of his own tunnel was Wemmbu.

His pickaxe was leaning against the stoned wall as he was furiously typing on his comms, spamming messages to EggChan.

< Wemmbu >

bro your antidote did nothing

< EggChan >

wdym

< EggChan >

did he drank all of it?

< Wemmbu >

all of it

< EggChan >

oh

< EggChan >

figured

< Wemmbu >

what's that supposed to mean

< Wemmbu >

he's with me rn bro

< EggChan >

wya

< **Wemmbu** >

mining

< **EggChan** >

ok so I need time

< **EggChan** >

I'm gonna go look at the book again for possible cure

< **Wemmbu** >

"possible"? so you weren't entirely sure that the antidote would work?

< **EggChan** >

I mean

< **EggChan** >

the book said it'd work and the book is never wrong

< **Wemmbu** >

brother.

Wemmbu's shoulders tensed when he heard Flame calling out for him at the clearing they made on the cave. Putting his comms away, he

grabbed his pickaxe and raised it above his head, aggressively smashing it against the cave wall and with it already being low in durability, the stone pickaxe smashed into different pieces.

A sharp piece of the pickaxe managed to fly close to Wemmbu's hand, nicking the skin. Wemmbu didn't pay any mind to it and just simply wiped the crimson that was actively flowing out of the new wound.

He arrived back at the clearing, FlameFrag was sorting his stuff on a chest. A glint of something shimmery caught Wemmbu's eyes as he noticed that FlameFrag was putting a stack of diamond in his chest.

He looked at his inventory, the stack of coal that he had been mining looked back at him, almost taunting.

"That'll do for the day." Wemmbu said, looking down at his pickaxe.

FlameFrag looked up from his task and stared at the broken pickaxe. "Your pickaxe broke?"

"Yeah."

FlameFrag's gaze lingered a bit longer at the broken pickaxe before going back at his task. Closing his chest, FlameFrag put down a crafting table and started crafting something.

Wemmbu sat down on the chest, sorting his inventory to try and avoid the awkward silence between them.

Wemmbu was in the middle of sorting his inventory when FlameFrag walked towards him, handing him something. Turning, Wemmbu stared at the diamond pickaxe like it was a foreign artifact. Its edges gleamed under the faint torchlight, sharp and

perfect, humming with promise. He hesitated, fingers twitching but refusing to reach out.

"Why?" The word slipped out before he could stop it.

FlameFrag tilted his head, expression unreadable beneath the shadow of his helmet. "You need it," he said simply, as if that explained everything.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, his chest tightening with something unfamiliar. He wasn't used to this—kindness. Kindness wrapped in genuine intent and generosity without strings? That was something Wemmbu strayed far away from as he associated those characteristics with something bad.

A trap.

It was a trap, for sure.

It had to be.

"You didn't have to," Wemmbu muttered, eyes flicking to his own inventory filled with coal and scraps. Compared to Flame's diamonds, his inventory looked pathetic. He hated the fact that even in mining, FlameFrag is much more better than him and it bothered him.

Flame shrugged, turning back to his chest. "I know." He pulled out a roll of bandage and threw it into Wemmbu's direction. Wemmbu caught it swiftly, confused.

The words hung heavy in the air, like an echo that refused to fade. Wemmbu finally looked back at the pickaxe, its weight settling into his hands like a secret. He wanted to say something—anything—but the right words never came.

Instead, he asked the question that had been gnawing at his mind since EggChan's last message. "Flame... how do you feel?"

Flame paused mid-motion, his hand hovering over a stack of iron. Slowly, he turned, and for the first time, Wemmbu saw something crack in his composure, it was just for a second before it disappeared.

"Feel?" Flame repeated, voice low, almost amused. "I feel fine."

It wasn't the answer Wemmbu wanted. It wasn't even close. But before he could press further, a sound rippled through the cave—a low, guttural growl that didn't belong to either of them.

Both froze.

Flame's hand went to his sword instantly, the blade gleaming like a shard of moonlight. "Stay behind me," he ordered, voice sharp, commanding.

Wemmbu gripped the new pickaxe tighter, heart pounding. He wanted to argue, to remind FlameFrag he wasn't weak—but then FlameFrag lunged at the random hoard of zombies.

...

Later that night, Wemmbu barged into EggChan's brewing room, hair frazzled and expression panicked.

"HE'S BROKEN," Wemmbu yelled.

EggChan looked up from his desk, startled. "What happened?"

"Egg, he's *following me around!* We went mining together!"

EggChan grimaced. "Did you get him to drink the antidote?"

"Yeah," Wemmbu said, pacing.

"...And?"

Wemmbu threw his hands in the air. "AND NOTHING CHANGED! He's still acting all weird and protective and *nice!* He gave me a pickaxe, Egg. A PICKAXE"

EggChan blinked, then sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "I think... the antidote didn't counter it."

Wemmbu just stared at him, deadpan. "Egg. I am going to throw myself into the nearest lava lake."

"Don't," EggChan said quickly. "You'll only make him worry."

"Egg."

EggChan grinned sheepishly. "Hey, on the bright side, at least he's not trying to kill you anymore."

Wemmbu groaned, slumping against the brewing table. "Yeah, instead he's trying to *hang out*. Which is worse."

EggChan snorted. "You'll live."

Wemmbu glared at him. "I won't if he keeps asking me to hang out!"

EggChan swiveled around in his chair, resting his chin on his palm, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. "So let me get this straight. You're complaining that your rival is being *nice* to you now?"

Wemmbu stared blankly. "Yes. That's exactly what I'm complaining about."

EggChan blinked. "...You hear yourself, right?"

Wemmbu groaned, dragging his hands down his face. "It's not *nice*, Egg. It's creepy. He keeps... I don't know—*looking* at me. Like I'm some sort of rare mob he wants to study. Or tame."

"Maybe he just likes your company."

"Bro, the last time we were in the same room, he set me on fire."

EggChan chuckled. "Character development?"

"Egg, I swear to god—" Wemmbu started, but EggChan raised his hands in mock surrender.

"Alright, alright! Don't explode. Let me think." He grabbed his brewing book again, flipping through its worn pages.

The room went silent.

For once, Wemmbu just stood there, motionless, the weight of the recent events sinking into his chest. His mind replayed everything that had happened since—the softness in Flame's voice, the awkward laughter, the way his voice had gone soft.

No. No, that couldn't be right.

FlameFrag wasn't capable of that kind of emotion. He was ruthless, sharp, cold as diamond. And yet...

He had smiled.

Wemmbu sighed.

EggChan looked up. "You okay there, lover boy?"

EggChan grinned. "Sure."

Wemmbu's face flared in anger. "Don't call me *that*!" Wemmbu pointed accusingly. "You're enjoying this way too much."

"Oh, absolutely."

Wemmbu groaned, running a hand through his hair. "You know what? I'm done. I'm gonna ignore him until this wears off. Whatever *this* is."

"Yeah, good luck with that," EggChan said dryly.

...

Out in the overworld, FlameFrag sat by the river, sword across his lap, staring at the moon's reflection.

He didn't understand what was happening to him.

All he knew was that every time he thought about the purple-haired menace, that strange, warm ache in his chest came back.

And for reasons he couldn't explain, it didn't feel entirely bad.

Chapter 3: QUALITY TIME

Chapter Notes

I did half of this chapter on my phone so my bad if there's any error lol, I'll fix it when I have the time

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

CHAPTER THREE: QUALITY TIME

Amor Elixir

Draft

Stage 2

Warmth blooms in the drinker's veins the moment the elixir is swallowed. Torn flesh and broken hearts knit together as if time itself rewinds. Yet, alongside this physical renewal comes a subtle pull—a sense of comfort and familiarity toward the first person in sight. Their presence feels magnetic, a quiet gravity that draws the drinker closer. At this stage, the feeling is tender, almost innocent: a desire to linger, to share a smile, to stay near without reason.

Wemmbu had faced many terrifying things in his life.

Ender dragons. Ravagers. Raids.

But none of them — none — compared to the horror of waking up to find FlameFrag standing at his front door, fiddling with his inventory.

"Morning," FlameFrag greeted, voice uncharacteristically soft.

"Thought I'd, uh... drop by."

Wemmbu blinked twice, still half-asleep, one hand gripping the doorframe. "It's seven in the morning."

"Perfect time for a morning spar," FlameFrag said brightly, holding out a gift. "Here."

Wemmbu stared down at it. "Is this... a netherite sword?"

"With Sharpness V and Mending," FlameFrag said proudly.

"Why?" Wemmbu asked flatly.

FlameFrag hesitated, then shrugged. "You like weapons?"

Wemmbu pinched the bridge of his nose. "You realize we literally tried to kill each other a week ago, right?"

"Yeah," FlameFrag said with a small grin. "Guess I got over it."

Wemmbu internally screamed.

It had been a week after FlameFrag had been splashed with a love potion and things had been chaotic for Wemmbu.

The guy practically refused to leave Wemmbu's side, always tagging along whenever he's out running chores. It seems like the term "personal space" has become a myth to FlameFrag's vocabulary.

His initial plan was to ignore the guy, figuring that'd get him bored and leave him alone but even that didn't work.

The days that followed was a blur of chaos disguised in bonding.

After sparring, FlameFrag had somehow managed to convince Wemmbu to go fishing to pass the time.

Wemmbu, still half-convinced this was some sort of elaborate assassination attempt, reluctantly followed him to a nearby river.

"Alright," FlameFrag said, sitting on the dock with unnerving calm. "Cast your line and wait. Patience is key."

"Patience?" Wemmbu deadpanned, tying his bobber too tightly. "Bro I know how to fish."

Flame chuckled quietly, the sound startlingly genuine. "Fair."

They sat in silence for a while. The water shimmered in the sun, the faint ripple of fish darting beneath the surface.

Wemmbu found himself sneaking glances at FlameFrag every few minutes. The guy actually looked... peaceful. Relaxed. Like he wasn't the same ruthless guy who had beaten him in a fight several times.

And that was terrifying.

"You're quiet," Flame said suddenly, reeling in his line. "Thinking about stabbing me?"

"Considering it," Wemmbu replied automatically.

Flame smirked. "Good. Keeps the world balanced."

When Flame caught a fish, he looked oddly proud, holding it up like a trophy. "You see this? That's skill."

Wemmbu caught a boot.

FlameFrag tried not to laugh but failed.

"I hate this," Wemmbu muttered, throwing the boot at him.

"Hey, that wasn't half bad." Flame teased, catching the boot.

Wemmbu literally caught a boot.

A boot.

"I will drown you."

Their laughter echoed across the river.

Wemmbu didn't realize it, but the sound made something in FlameFrag's chest ease, like a knot untying.

...

Later, they went mining again. Because apparently, FlameFrag's apparently decided their "friendship" needed levels and resources.

The cave was dimly lit, the torches flickering as they descended deeper.

"Stick close," Flame warned.

Wemmbu scoffed. "Please, I've been caving since way before you even joined the server."

"Uh-huh," Flame replied dryly, stepping over a lava pool. "That's exactly what someone says before falling into lava."

"I won't—"

A loud splash followed.

"—shut up," Wemmbu snapped from the lava, scrambling onto the ledge, his armor hissing with steam.

FlameFrag didn't say anything. He just crouched, extending a hand to help him up.

Wemmbu stared at it suspiciously, his hearts continuously dropping on top of his inventory bar. "What, so you can shove me back in?"

Flame sighed. "If I wanted to kill you, I would've done it by now."

"Comforting," Wemmbu grumbled.

Flame looked at Wemmbu for a moment, the guy was obviously having hard time pulling himself up from the lava with the lava clinging to his body like slime.

Flame sighed once more, grabbing Wemmbu's wrist and pulling him out of the lava pool in one swift motion.

Their fingers brushed briefly and Flame quickly looked away, clearing his throat. "Be careful next time."

"I didn't need your help," Wemmbu muttered under his breath.

"I know," Flame said quietly.

The heat didn't bother FlameFrag as he is already used to it, but to Wemmbu? It was a pain in the ass. He hissed in pain as he scrambled to look for a water bucket or a regeneration potion on his inventory, smokes coming out of him as he was literally being cooked alive.

He yelped when he was splashed with something much more cooler and refreshing– his hair damped and the lava no longer clinged to him. There were burn marks in his armor but nothing too serious. He sighed in relief and leaned his back against a stone wall, using it to sturdy himself before sliding down and sitting on the ground.

FlameFrag looked down at him, his eyes unreadable behind the blindfold. He then equipped another water bucket and proceeds to throw the liquid to the lava pool, watching as obsidian was created and spreads across the pool until it was nothing but solid ground.

"You good bro?"

Wemmbu didn't respond, fishing out a golden apple from his inventory and eating in silence.

FlameFrag took that as a no. Placing his ender chest, he fished out a regeneration potion before handing it to the now burned Wemmbu.

Wemmbu looked at it for a moment, as if confused. His face was for some reason, unreadable. It was as if there were a million emotions going on at once in his head, and many thoughts speaking all at once.

He was quiet for a moment, "...thanks."

FlameFrag shut his ender chest close before sitting on top of it,

waiting for the other to recover.

And for a fleeting moment, the silence that followed wasn't awkward. It was almost... comforting.

Almost.

...

Night fell fast in the Overworld. They set up camp by a small clearing, FlameFrag efficiently building a shelter while Wemmbu tried (and failed) to light a campfire.

"Need help?" Flame asked, tone smug.

"No," Wemmbu said, voice tight. "I got it."

He didn't. The fire sputtered, smoked, and died.

FlameFrag crouched beside him, wordlessly flicking his wrist as a single spark caught before erupting to a small fireball hovering just above his palm. He then carefully set the fireball down to one of the woods before successfully making a campfire.

FlameFrag looked at the fire, proud.

Wemmbu muttered, "Show-off." He completely forgot that FlameFrag could do that.

"It's efficient," Flame corrected. They sat across the campfire, the orange glow painting their faces in flickering light.

"Here, I made something." FlameFrag started.

Wemmbu didn't even bother looking, poking the fire with a stick. "Hmm?"

"It's a charm."

Now that's something that caught Wemmbu's attention as he passed whatever he's doing and looked at what FlameFrag was holding.

It was a tiny, crudely made amethyst pendant tied to a string— uneven, lopsided, and clearly handmade.

"It's... for luck." FlameFrag said quickly, scratching the back of his neck. "You're always getting into trouble."

Wemmbu didn't reply. His chest felt tight, like something inside him was trying to push through the cracks he'd spent years sealing shut. "Don't get sentimental on me now," he finally said, forcing a smirk.

Flame smiled faintly. "Wouldn't dream of it."

The moon was shining above them as they figure out how to put it on, their voices echoed throughout the night as they bicker about the smallest thing.

EggChan was probably still holed up in his brewing room, probably muttering about potion ratios and questionable ingredients.

But Wemmbu couldn't care less right now, he was thinking about the way FlameFrag had laughed by the river, the way his hand had felt steady and warm pulling him from the lava, the way his voice softened at the campfire like he was finally letting his armor down. It scared him.

Because for the first time, Wemmbu didn't know if the walls he built were keeping Flame out... or keeping himself in.

...

Hours later, after FlameFrag finally left for to check something out on his base and Wemmbu flew straight back to EggChan's room, slamming the door open so hard it left a dent on the wall.

EggChan jumped, taking his focus away from the potions that was brewing, his wings fluffing in distress. "Wemmbu!" He exclaimed when he realized who the intruder was.

"Egg," Wemmbu said through gritted teeth, slamming the charm on the table.

"He gave me jewelry."

"...Cute," EggChan said before immediately ducking as Wemmbu threw a bottle at him.

"IT'S NOT CUTE. FIX. THIS. NOW."

"I'm trying!" EggChan yelled, gesturing to the chaos around him.

"I just need a sample from FlameFrag to brew the potion—blood, saliva, hair, whatever."

Wemmbu stared at him. "Okay, sounds simple enough..."

He could probably obtain a sample of FlameFrag's blood through a spar of a rematch, seems easy enough.

He hopes.

Wemmbu relaxes before slumping down to a chair and burying his head to his arms as he released a muffled annoyed groan.

"It's horrifying..."

EggChan hummed, "What is?"

Wemmbu raised his head and threw his arms in the air, making an exaggerated hand movement. "Him! He keeps following me around as

if we're BFFs! I can't even mine in peace without bro being on my tail all the time."

"Hey, at least he's not trying to kill you anymore."

"That's even worse!"

"You're complaining that your enemy isn't actively trying to kill you now?"

"I'd rather him go back to being the old Flame than deal with whatever that is." Wemmbu replied, referring to FlameFrag as if he's some sort of weird undiscovered animal.

EggChan patted his shoulder sympathetically. "Just hang in there. I'll finish the antidote soon"

Wemmbu groaned. "You said that yesterday."

"I know, but this time I mean it."

Wemmbu sighed. "You said that yesterday too."

EggChan laughed nervously. "Third time's the charm?"

Wemmbu sighed, standing up. "If I die from emotional exhaustion, I'm haunting you."

"Get me a sample first," EggChan said.

Chapter End Notes

Yo should I make a Christmas special

Chapter 4: ACT OF SERVICE

Chapter Notes

THIS IS SO RUSHED YO I'M SO SORRY FOR ANY ERRORS
ASDJJASKD I'LL FIX IT WHEN I HAVE TIME

CHAPTER FOUR: ACT OF SERVICE

Amor Elixir

Draft

Stage 3

The warmth settles into a steady hum beneath the skin, but the heart begins to race whenever the imprinted person is near. Thoughts drift toward them unbidden, and absence feels strangely hollow. The drinker seeks excuses to remain close—conversation, shared tasks, even idle company. Affection blooms like a shy flower, and with it comes the first signs of craving: the need to hear their voice, to feel their presence, to know they are safe.

Wemmbu had one goal today.

To get a sample from FlameFrag—a drop of blood, a bit of saliva, a strand of hair, anything—so that EggChan could finally brew the antidote.

Wemmbu had specially prepared a detailed plan for today's mission. He even prepared back up plans just in case his initial plan didn't work, just to be safe.

PLAN A: STRAND... of hope?

Wemmbu had never thought he'd stoop this low—lurking behind a stack of hay bales like some petty thief, waiting for the right time to strike.

Particles flew out of him from the invisibility potion he had splashed to himself just earlier, making sure to remove all of his armor before making his way to FlameFra's base.

Wemmbu had specifically woke up earlier than usual for this mission. By now, he had studied FlameFrag's routine and apparently it includes him with his morning routine, harvesting his farm, organizing his inventory and feeding his livestock.

He was obviously not stalking FlameFrag's for the past few days to learn his routine just for this mission to be successful.

Just... watching *very* closely.

Wemmbu's pointed tail swayed slowly at the ground as he watches FlameFrag's from behind the stack of hay bales. FlameFrag's raven-like hair bounced with each step as he approached a sheep while holding a pair of shears, and Wemmbu had been staring at it for ten minutes, plotting ways to snatch a single strand without raising suspicion. Kneeling down, FlameFrag's petted the sheep's head before cutting a good chunk of its wool.

Wemmbu crept forward until he was close enough to see the sweat on Flame's neck, close enough to snag a strand.

Raising his dagger, he braced himself before lunging—

Only to abruptly stop in his tracks when he saw his hands flickering back to life.

'*Shit! The invis!—*' he internally screamed before the potion fully ran out, his figure finally flickering back into life.

Almost immediately, FlameFrag felt a presence behind him and he whipped his body around, swinging the shears like a weapon.

He stumbled back, cape flaring dramatically as he shoved the dagger behind him.

"Wemmbu?" Flame's voice was calm, but the tilt of his head showed suspicion.

What was Wemmbu doing here? Other than it is too early for anyone to be at FlameFrag's base, there was absolutely no reason for Wemmbu to be here right now.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, tail twitching like a guilty kid caught trying to steal a cookie. *Think, think, THINK!*

"Uh... Boo?" he repeated, weaker this time.

FlameFrag deadpanned, lowering the shears. "What are you doing here?"

It was usually the other way around—with FlameFrag waiting outside Wemmbu's base for him to wake up and drag him to whatever chores he have in mind.

But for some reason, it was Wemmbu who's at FlameFrag's base right now. Not waiting, it seems.

FlameFrag turned his head slightly, blindfold shifting with the motion. Even without seeing his eyes, it felt like he was staring straight through Wemmbu's skull and reading every frantic thought word-for-word.

Wemmbu was going to die from sheer embarrassment.

He cleared his throat, tugging his cape around himself to hide the dagger—as if that made him look less suspicious.

"I, uh... I was just... you know... passing by."

Flame raised an eyebrow beneath the blindfold. "Your base is two thousand blocks in the opposite direction."

Wemmbu died internally. "Okay—fine—I was..." He searched desperately for a reason. Any reason that didn't involve outing his actual objective. "...checking on you."

Flame's posture shifted, just a little. Not tense, but softened.

"Checking on me?"

Wemmbu's brain screamed *to say* something, *ANYTHING* else, but his mouth had already leapt off the cliff.

"Yeah! Since you always come check on me, I thought maybe I'd... return the... checking."

Wemmbu wanted to slam his head on the nearest wall, this was certainly not part of the plan at all.

It was supposed to a quick in-and-out mission, easy, and quick.

FlameFragS blinked.

Wemmbu felt his face heat in embarrassment. Why did it feel so warm suddenly? Why did FlameFragS looming closer make his heart thump like a trapped rabbit?

Flame took a step forward, shears now lowered fully.

"You came... to see me?" he asked, quieter this time.

Wemmbu's breath caught.

Oh *no*.

FlameFragS seemed to fall into a trance, before snapping back to

reality and creating some distance between the two of them.

"Whatever. Since you're already here, come help me shear the sheep." He then handed him another pair of shears.

Wemmbu muttered something unintelligible, clutching the shears like his life depended on it. His plan was unraveling fast. He needed proximity, not chores.

Then, opportunity struck—or so he thought. FlameFrag bent low again to shear the wool, his hair spilling forward in a fiery cascade. Wemmbu's fingers twitched toward the dagger.

He raised the blade, heart pounding—

—and the sheep sneezed.

The sudden blast of air startled FlameFrag, who jerked upright so fast his head collided with Wemmbu's chin. Pain exploded across Wemmbu's jaw, and he quickly sheathed the dagger in his inventory, disappearing before FlameFrag saw a glimpse of it.

Flame blinked, concerned. "Ow—dude—you good?"

Wemmbu forced a smile through gritted teeth, rubbing his bruised chin. "Fine. Totally fine."

PLAN B: SHEAR WILL

He forced himself to shear wool, pretending to be invested in the task while his mind raced toward his original plan. If he couldn't snag a strand of hair, maybe he could get saliva. Easy enough—people drink water all the time, right?

FlameFrag straightened, wiping sweat from his neck with the back of his hand. "You're slow," he teased, tossing a chunk of wool into his chest. "Were you always this bad at chores?"

Wemmbu rolled his eyes in return, "Shut up bro, I can't focus."

He didn't mention the reason he couldn't focus was because FlameFrag kept brushing past him, close enough that Wemmbu's heart raced uncontrollably. Definitely potion-induced. Obviously. Absolutely not something else.

Flame chuckled, then reached for his inventory and placed his ender chest on the ground. "Why're you here anyway?" He starts.

Wemmbu's tail flicked nervously. "Just checking up on you... or whatever friends do." He trailed off, not facing FlameFrag as he continued to shear more wool.

FlameFrag stared, obviously not believing the lie but the word "*friend*" did caught him off guard.

The word lingered between them like a fragile thread.

Yeah... Friend.

It's nice to have a friend, he figured.

"That's a first from you." FlameFrag replied, grabbing a bottle of water and two pieces of bread.

Shutting his ender chest, he sat on it and took a bite of the bread.
"Here."

Wemmbu looked just in time as FlameFrag toss the other piece of bread. He caught it swiftly, lowering down the shears.

Wemmbu looked at the piece of bread before a lightbulb lit up in his head.

He watched FlameFrag take a bite—saw the slight tilt of his head, the way his hair shifted, the way the sunlight hit his cheek—

Wait.

Why was he even watching him like he was lost in a trance?

Why was he aware of every breath Flame took?

Why did being near him feel like stepping into a warm room after freezing outside?

It must be the potion.

Definitely.

Wemmbu shook his head and took out a small bottle of water from his inventory and uncorked it, handing it to FlameFrag.

"Here, to uh... wash down your palette or something."

FlameFrag blinked, cheeks faintly tinted with amusement. "Thanks, but I already have one."

Wemmbu gripped the bottle of water in his hand, almost breaking it.

He turned around to focus on shearing the sheep, tail intentionally knocking over the chest full of wool.

"Oops."

Flame sighed. "You're impossible."

PLAN C: REMATCH

Wemmbu begrudgingly followed FlameFrag through the meadow, boots crunching against soft grass. The clearing ahead shimmered under the morning sun, deceptively peaceful.

He owed FlameFrag a favor for helping him at the lava pool the other day. This—*this right here*—was why Wemmbu hated accepting help.

People always wanted something in return.

However, before FlameFrag could say anything—Wemmbu beat him to it.

"Hey," Wemmbu said later, leaning against a tree with what he hoped was casual confidence. "How about a rematch?"

FlameFrag tilted his head, blindfold hiding his eyes but not the slight narrowing of his expression. "A rematch?"

Of course, this was not unusual for FlameFrag anymore as the man would literally ask rematch after rematch until he win. Unfortunately for him, FlameFrag has other plans in mind.

"Yeah. You beat me last time, remember? Thought I'd get another shot."

He was so casual about it too, as if it was the most normal thing ever to ask.

For a moment, hesitation flickered across FlameFrag's face—a crack in his usual easy grin.

"I don't know..." he said slowly. "I don't think that's a good idea."

Wemmbu almost choked on his own disbelief. "You literally launched me off a mountain three weeks ago." He deadpanned.

FlameFrag winced. "Yeah, and I felt bad about it."

Wemmbu squinted. "No, you didn't."

"I do now."

Wemmbu's eyebrow twitched. "So you're declining? Seriously?"

FlameFrag nodded, crossing his arms. "I don't wanna risk it."

Wemmbu had to suppress the urge to raise his tone. "Risk what bro?!" He failed.

FlameFrag bit his tongue. The words hovered—*hurting you*—but he swallowed them down. "Not worth the trouble."

Wemmbu made an offended noise. "Wow, okay."

It was weird, but not surprising. FlameFrag had never turned down a fight before. No doubt the potion was messing with his head.

FlameFrag noticed the look on Wemmbu's face—offended, almost hurt—and dread pooled in his chest. He hated that look. He hated causing it.

"That's not what I—" He trailed off.

He wanted to say *you're worth the trouble*. He wanted to say he just

didn't want to risk hurting him again.

It was strange. He remembered their old fights, the reckless blows, the laughter after bruises. Now? The thought of harming Wemmbu made his stomach twist.

"Just— Y'know what? Nevermind." He looked away, scratching the back of his neck.

"I just don't want to hurt you." His voice was barely a whisper, but Wemmbu still managed to catch what he said.

"*Hurt* me? Okay, what happened to the old FlameFrag I know?" Wemmbu laughed, his voice mocking.

FlameFrag, although wearing a blindfold, glared at the purple-haired demon. "Don't push it."

He crossed his arms tighter. "You're... uh... important." The word slipped out like a secret.

Wemmbu blinked. "*Important*." He repeated, trying to understand the word as if it was said in a foreign language.

FlameFrag's cheeks reddened. "Yeah."

"...Okay, ew," Wemmbu muttered, looking away before FlameFrag could see the pink creeping up his own face.

His gaze dropped to his inventory. A wooden sword caught his eye, and an idea sparked.

Equipping the sword, he turned back. "Okay, how about a spar?"

FlameFrag eyed the weapon, hesitation flickering. "I mean..."

Wemmbu twirled the wooden blade with a grin that didn't quite reach his eyes. "What? Afraid of splinters?"

FlameFrag sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "You're relentless."

Wemmbu stepped closer, lowering his voice. "Are you... scared you'll lose to me?"

That did it. FlameFrag's jaw tightened. "Fine. A spar. Wooden swords only."

"Deal." Wemmbu tossed him a spare blade. FlameFrag caught it easily, grip firm despite his hesitation.

They circled each other in the clearing, tension crackling like static. The meadow was quiet except for the rustle of grass and the distant chirp of birds. Wemmbu then fished out a small dagger from his inventory and started sharpening the tip of his wooden blade, eyes mocking FlameFrag as he kept eye-contact with him.

Then, Wemmbu lunged —fast, sharp, and aiming for FlameFrag's shoulder. The clash of wood rang out, jolting through his arms.

FlameFrag blocked, but his movements were... careful. Too careful. Every strike was measured, every parry soft, as if he were afraid to hit too hard.

"Seriously?" Wemmbu growled, pressing forward. "Are you even trying bro?"

FlameFrag gritted his teeth. "I'm being careful."

"Stop holding back!" Wemmbu's voice cracked, frustration bleeding through. He needed this fight—needed the distraction, the adrenaline, anything to drown out the warmth crawling under his skin.

Focus, Wemmbu. Just a scratch. A nick.

He feinted left, then swung hard right, aiming for FlameFrag's blind spot. The blade grazed his arm—barely a touch, but enough to draw a bead of blood.

Wemmbu's pulse roared in his ears. *'Got it!'*

He shifted his grip, hiding the tiny smear of blood on the wood as if it were nothing. His inventory slot flickered open for a split second—quick, discreet—and the sample vanished into a small vial inside his storage.

FlameFrag didn't even notice. He was too focused on Wemmbu, too caught in the storm brewing inside him.

Their swords locked again, wood grinding against wood. FlameFrag leaned in, breath warm against Wemmbu's cheek.

"Why are you so persistent?" His voice was low, almost raw.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, heat crawling up his neck. *'Because I need the antidote. Because this isn't real. Because if I stay any longer, I'll—'*

"Because you're holding back," Wemmbu snapped, forcing the words out like venom. "That's not the Flame I know."

FlameFrag's jaw tightened. "Maybe I don't want to be that guy anymore."

The words hit like a punch. Wemmbu faltered, grip loosening. "What?"

FlameFrag stepped closer, swords lowering until they hung useless at their sides. His blindfold hid his eyes, but his voice carried every ounce of truth.

"I used to fight you like it didn't matter. Like you didn't matter." He exhaled, shaky. "Now? Every time I swing, all I can think about is—what if I hurt you? What if I *lose* you?"

Wemmbu's breath caught. The warmth under his skin surged, clawing

at his ribs like a living thing. 'No. No, it's the potion. It has to be.'

But FlameFrag didn't know. He didn't know about the potion twisting his feelings into something dangerous, something tender.

"You're... important," FlameFrag whispered, the word trembling like a confession. "More than I thought."

Wemmbu forced a laugh, brittle and sharp. "Wow. Okay. That's... weird." His voice cracked, betraying him.

FlameFrag tilted his head, stepping closer still. "Is it?"

Wemmbu's heart slammed against his ribs. He could feel the heat of FlameFrag's presence, smell the faint trace of smoke clinging to his clothes. Every instinct screamed to run, but his feet stayed rooted.

I have the sample. I should leave.'

But he didn't.

Because for one terrifying second, Wemmbu wanted to stay.

FlameFrag reached out, fingertips brushing Wemmbu's sleeve—hesitant, almost reverent.

"Tell me," he murmured, voice breaking. "Am I the only one feeling this?"

Wemmbu's throat felt dry, almost as if with his every breath there's thorn pricking his lungs.

The antidote is within reach.

But his answer? That was a conversation he wasn't ready for.

Chapter 5: YEARNING

CHAPTER 5: YEARNING

It was early in the morning when FlameFrag had gotten up to do his usual chores.

Figured that he should first organize his things before paying Wemmbu a visit.

He entered his sheep enclosure, figured that he'll collect their wools before heading out. He reached out a hand, petting a sheep before kneeling down to carefully snip the wool, careful to not accidentally nick the sheep's skin.

Oddly enough, he felt a presence behind him and before he could even think twice, his body was already moving on its own. Turning around and swinging the shears in his hands—the figure behind him jumped back, shrieking in surprise.

He abruptly stopped when he was met with a familiar purple-haired demon.

His purple cape wrapped around him dramatically as the wind blew pass them.

"Wemmbu?" His voice was calm, tilting his head as he try to think of a reason why his companion would be here at this time of hour.

The said demon stood there, surprised.

His long purple hair was tied into a high ponytail and his famous tiara sat on his head, glimmering under the sunlight. His obsidian-like eyes were wide and his mouth was agape, staring right into FlameFrag's own blindfolded eyes.

What was he doing here? Other than it being too early for anyone to be at his base, there was absolutely no reason why Wemmbu would be here right now.

FlameFrag averted his eyes as Wemmbu's tail twitched. He wanted to smile in amusement at the tail, it was practically Wemmbu's blind spot. Especially when it comes to his emotions—he might not say anything at all but his tail tells all the unspoken frustration his mind has to offer.

"Uh... Boo?" Wemmbu finally spoke, his voice quiet.

FlameFrag deadpanned, lowering the shears. "What are you doing here?"

It was amusing, of course. It was usually the other way around—with FlameFrag giving Wemmbu a visit and dragging him to whatever chores he have in mind.

But for some reason, Wemmbu is here. Not the other way around.

FlameFrag titled his head slightly, his blindfold shifting with the motion.

'He looks mesmerizing under the sun.'

He cleared his throat, tugging his cape around himself to hide the dagger—as if that made him look less suspicious.

Wemmbu cleared his throat, tugging his cape around him shyly "I, uh... I was just... you know... passing by."

Flame raised an eyebrow in amusement. "Your base is two thousand blocks in the opposite direction."

Wemmbu avoided eye contact. "Okay—fine—I was..." He trailed off, fiddling with his cape. "...checking on you."

FlameFrag's posture froze for a moment. He's checking on him? But for some reason, that made the butterflies in his stomach flutter.

"Checking on me?" He repeated.

"Yeah! Since you always come check on me, I thought maybe I'd... return the... checking."

FlameFrag blinked.

He studied the red that was climbing its way up to Wemmbu's cheeks, finding it adorable.

He's always been that one powerful friend that doesn't exactly need "checking" as anyone who would try to even lift a finger near his base would be dead the next minute, so he was flattered that somebody finally decided to come check on him.

That made him feel like he *mattered*.

Like he was actually a *friend*, not a foe.

Like his existence was finally *acknowledged*.

Flame took a step forward, shears now lowered fully.

"You came... to see me?" he asked, quieter this time.

He can hear Wemmbu's breath stopped for a moment, before regaining his composure.

FlameFrag fell into a trance, studying Wemmbu's face.

FlameFrag couldn't tear his gaze away. The way the sunlight kissed Wemmbu's hair, turning strands of purple into molten amethyst, made his breath hitch. His fingers tightened around the shears unconsciously, as if anchoring himself to reality—but reality felt distant, blurred at the edges.

He felt something coil in his chest, a strange pull that made his steps slow and careful. His blindfold hid his eyes, but he knew Wemmbu could feel the weight of his stare. Every detail etched itself into his mind—the faint scar along Wemmbu's left eye, the way his cape fluttered like a living shadow, the nervous twitch of his fingers clutching the fabric.

FlameFrag felt his heartbeat thrum in his ears. He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it—two warriors, both feared and respected, standing in a sheep pen like awkward strangers.

He shook his head, snapping back to reality and creating some distance between the two of them.

"Whatever. Since you're already here, come help me shear the sheep." He opened his inventory, grabbing another pair of shears and handing it to Wemmbu.

Wemmbu's obsidian-like eyes flicked up, meeting the blindfold as if trying to pierce through it. His lips parted, but no sound came.

FlameFrag bent down once more, actively avoiding Wemmbu's eye-contact as he continued shearing more wool.

More and more wool piled up at the ground, the only sound that could be heard from the both of them was their shears as they both work through their task.

Then, the sheep that FlameFrag was working on suddenly sneezed.

Startled, FlameFrag's body jerked upwards—trying to create distance between him and the sheep as to avoid scaring the poor sheep any further before his head collided into something hard.

Pain cracked through his own skull, and he winced, blinking hard, "Ow—"

He rose up, his blindfold shifted slightly as he tried to feel any small bump in his head. He looked up and Wemmbu was rubbing his bruised chin, forcing out a strained smile.

"Dude—you good?"

The way Wemmbu rubbed his chin tugged something in his chest, something twisting in his chest before he looked away, not liking the feeling.

Wemmbu forced a smile through gritted teeth, rubbing his chin. "Fine. Totally fine."

"I'm sorry," FlameFrag said too quickly, rubbing the back of his neck.

"It's okay bro." Wemmbu waved a hand, going back to shearing the sheep.

The two of them fell quiet once more, both focused in their tasks.

FlameFrag didn't know if the silence was comforting, or awkward.

Doesn't matter, as long as he has his companion with him, he's content with any silence he has to offer.

Every now and then, FlameFrag would steal a glance at the purple-haired demon next to him. He didn't know why his pulse jumped every time Wemmbu brushed past him—close enough that Flame could feel the warmth radiating off his skin. Close enough that he wanted to lean in, just a little, just to see if—

No. Stop.

He wiped sweat from his neck with the back of his hand, trying to shake the strange heat crawling up his spine. "You're slow," he teased, tossing a chunk of wool into his chest. "Were you always this bad at chores?"

Wemmbu rolled his eyes, muttering, "Shut up bro, I can't focus."

He reached for his inventory, pulling out his ender chest and fishing out something to eat. "Why're you here anyway?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

Wemmbu's tail flicked nervously. "Just checking up on you... or whatever friends do."

Friends.

The word hit Flame like a spark in dry grass—small, but dangerous. He stared at Wemmbu's back, at the way his shoulders hunched like he was hiding something.

Friend.

"That's a first from you," Flame said, pulling out a bottle of water and two pieces of bread. He sat on the chest, biting into one piece before tossing the other toward Wemmbu. "Here."

Wemmbu caught it easily, lowering the shears. FlameFrag watched him glance at the bread, then at him—watched the flicker of something in his eyes before he looked away.

FlameFrag took another bite, and for some reason, he felt exposed under the sunlight. He wondered if Wemmbu noticed the way his hair fell into his eyes, the way his jaw tightened when he chewed. He wondered why if Wemmbu cared as much as he did.

He shouldn't.

He really *shouldn't*.

Wemmbu uncorked a bottle of water and held it out. "Here, to uh... wash down your palette or something."

Flame blinked, lips quirking faintly. "Thanks, but I already have one."

Wemmbu's grip tightened on the bottle, and Flame felt the tension like a storm brewing in the air.

Then the chest of wool toppled over with a loud thud.

"Oops," Wemmbu said, tail flicking in guilt.

FlameFrag stared at the toppled chest, amusement brewing in his

chest. Was he throwing a tantrum just because FlameFrag declined his offering?

That's cute.

FlameFrag sighed, shaking his head with a smile he didn't quite feel. "You're impossible."

...

The meadow stretched wide under the morning sun, its calm glow almost mocking the storm brewing in FlameFrag's chest. He walked ahead, boots brushing against soft grass, aware of Wemmbu trailing behind him.

As he was thinking of another series of chores that he could drag Wemmbu into, he remembered the lava pool incident. Wemmbu owed him—and FlameFrag just thought of the perfect task for him in return.

Before he could speak, Wemmbu beat him to it.

"Hey," the demon said later, leaning against a tree with that fake-casual confidence FlameFrag had learned to read. "How about a rematch?"

FlameFrag tilted his head, blindfold hiding his eyes but not the slight narrowing of his expression. "A rematch?"

Of course. Wemmbu always wanted another fight. Always chasing the win like it was oxygen. But FlameFrag had other plans—he was hoping to have them both sit down on the meadow as they both paint their own designs on their shields.

It was much more calmer activity, unlike what FlameFrag was used to.

"Yeah. You beat me last time, remember? Thought I'd get another shot."

He said it so easily, like it was the most normal thing in the world. FlameFrag hesitated, a crack in his usual grin. "I don't know... I don't think that's a good idea."

Wemmbu's disbelief was almost funny. "You literally launched me off a mountain three weeks ago." He deadpanned.

FlameFrag winced. "Yeah, and I felt bad about it."

"No, you didn't."

"I do now."

The twitch in Wemmbu's brow told him he wasn't buying it. "So you're declining? Seriously?"

FlameFrag crossed his arms, trying to look firm when inside he felt anything but. "I don't wanna risk it."

"Risk what, bro?!" Wemmbu's voice spiked, frustration bleeding through.

FlameFrag bit his tongue. The words hovered—*hurting you*—but he swallowed them down. "Not worth the trouble."

The look on Wemmbu's face—offended, almost hurt—hit harder than any blade. FlameFrag hated that look. Hated causing it. "Wow, okay."

"That's not what I—" He stopped himself. Because what he wanted to say was dangerous. He wanted to say *'you are worth the trouble'*. He wanted to say he couldn't stand the thought of hurting him again.

It was strange. He remembered their old fights—the reckless blows, the laughter after bruises. Now? The thought of harming Wemmbu made his stomach twist.

"Just—Y'know what? Nevermind." He looked away, scratching the back of his neck. "I just don't want to hurt you." The words slipped out, barely a whisper.

Wemmbu caught it anyway. "Hurt me? Okay, what happened to the old FlameFrag I know?" His laugh was sharp, mocking.

FlameFrag glared behind the blindfold. "Don't push it."

He crossed his arms tighter, the truth clawing its way out. "You're... uh... important." The word felt like a secret he wasn't ready to share.

Wemmbu blinked. "*Important.*" He repeated it like it was foreign.

FlameFrag's cheeks burned. "Yeah."

"...Okay, ew," Wemmbu muttered, looking away—though FlameFrag didn't miss the pink creeping up his face.

Then Wemmbu's gaze dropped to his inventory. A wooden sword appeared in his hand, and FlameFrag's gut sank.

"Okay, how about a spar?" Wemmbu grinned, twirling the blade like this was all a game.

FlameFrag hesitated. "I mean..."

"What? Afraid of splinters?"

He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "You're relentless."

Wemmbu stepped closer, voice low. "Are you... scared you'll lose to me?"

That did it. FlameFrag's jaw tightened. "Fine. A spar. Wooden swords only."

"Deal." Wemmbu tossed him a spare blade. FlameFrag caught it easily, grip firm despite the hesitation gnawing at him.

They circled each other, tension crackling like static. The meadow was quiet except for the rustle of grass and distant birdsong. Then Wemmbu lunged—fast, sharp, aiming for his shoulder. The clash of wood rang out, jolting through FlameFrag's arms.

He blocked, but every move felt wrong. Every lunge, blow and swing felt wrong. As if he was breaking an unspoken rule he created.

Then, every parry became too careful and soft. Every strike was measured and each parry was restrained, because all he could think was: *'don't hit too hard. Don't hurt him.'*

"Seriously?" Wemmbu growled, pressing forward. "Are you even trying, bro?"

"I'm being careful," FlameFrag spat out.

"Stop holding back!"

The words cut deep. He wanted to explain—wanted to scream that he wasn't holding back because he was weak, but because he cared too damn much. But instead, he stayed silent, letting frustration coil tighter inside him.

Wemmbu fainted left and swung. Pain flared across his arm. Just a scratch, but enough to draw blood. FlameFrag barely noticed. He was too focused on Wemmbu, too caught in the storm inside him.

Their swords locked again, wood grinding against wood. FlameFrag leaned in, breath warm against Wemmbu's cheek.

"Why are you so persistent?" His voice came out low, raw.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, eyes glaring. "Because you're holding back. That's not the Flame I know."

FlameFrag's jaw clenched. "Maybe I don't want to be that guy anymore."

The words landed like a blow. Wemmbu faltered. "What?"

FlameFrag lowered his sword, heart pounding. "I used to fight you like it didn't matter. Like you didn't matter." His breath shook. "Now? Every time I swing, all I can think about is—what if I hurt you? What if I lose you?"

Wemmbu froze.

"You're... important," he whispered, the confession trembling on his tongue. "More than I thought."

Wemmbu laughed, looking away. "Wow. Okay. That's... weird." His voice cracked, betraying him.

FlameFrag tilted his head, stepping closer. "Is it?"

The air between them burned. FlameFrag could smell the faint trace of smoke clinging to his own clothes, every instinct screamed to *pull back*—but he didn't.

He reached out, fingertips brushing Wemmbu's sleeve—hesitant, reverent. "Tell me," he murmured, voice breaking. "Am I the only one feeling this?"

Wemmbu's breath stopped for a moment in surprise and FlameFrag waited, heart in his hands, knowing the answer might shatter him.

And that was a conversation he wanted to have.

Chapter 6: PEACE OF MIND

Chapter Notes

Before we start this chapter, I just wanna say THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THE SUPPORT OML WHAT ASKDNASKLDJ I literally just wrote this as a drabble in my free time at work TT I didn't expect that people would actually read ts akikasjdk ALSO WTH WHY ARE WE YOU GUYS SO FAST AT THE NEW CHAPTER LMAOAOAOAO ANYWAYS going back

I should probably also mention my personal headcannons for them for this fic huh LMAO don't worry, this will not impact the story in any way, I just thought it'd be nice to add my own touch to their character sheets.

For Wemmbu:

His skin color is that of a human– but whenever he's frustrated or angry, his skin turns purple, showing more of his demon form.

His eyes are the color of obsidian, I wanted his eyes to be close to his Minecraft skin but I didn't just want it to be the color black, and obsidian has some deep purple in it so I think that would really suit him.

His eyes in his human form are normal, with his sclera in the color of white and his eye itself being in the color of obsidian. However, in his demon form his sclera turns black and his eyes glow a bit more light purple.

For FlameFrag:

My headcannon for him was that he is a half-demon and half-blaze hybrid, and that he got his fire powers from his side of being a blaze.

He uses his blaze-like fire in fights to enhance the crit rate of his sword but doesn't entirely rely on it, he only uses it when it becomes necessary,

He doesn't have any horns in his human form, but when he becomes angry or is in his demon form, his horns appear in the

color of a dark red that fades into light orange at the tip of the horns.

He grew up in the nether where there isn't much sunlight, so when he came to the overworld, he thought that everything is too bright for him so that's why he preferred wearing a blindfold.

He has heterochromia eyes, with his left eye being red and his right eye being yellow.

THAT'S ALL ENJOY READINGGGG

CHAPTER 6: PEACE OF MIND

Amor Elixir

Draft

Stage 4

By now, the tether is undeniable. The drinker's mind circles endlessly around the imprinted one, and separation gnaws like hunger. Anxiety creeps in when distance grows, manifesting as headaches and restless pacing. Affection deepens into attachment, and with attachment comes protectiveness. The drinker begins to hover, offering help before it's asked, watching for signs of discomfort, and bristling when others draw too close. The bond feels sacred—fragile yet unbreakable.

The End was silent.

Not the peaceful kind of silence — but the eerie, oppressive one that hums just below the skin, making the air feel heavier than it should.

Wemmbu stood at the very edge of The End island, staring down into the endless void, clutching his comms in hand.

< Wemmbu >

how's the antidote going?

The reply came after a full minute.

< EggChan >

making it rn

Wemmbu sighed, dragging a hand down his face.

It's fine.

He got the sample.

All of this will be over soon.

Soon.

He sat down at the edge of The End island, cloak brushing against the void. It had been three days since he'd managed to slip away — three glorious, blessed days without FlameFrag hovering over his shoulder, offering gifts, or calling him "*bro*" in that low, too-warm tone that always made something in his chest twist in ways he didn't like.

But guilt itched in the back of his mind. FlameFrag must've been—

Hurt.

He must've been *hurt*.

No. Wemmbu shook his head violently. "Don't feel bad. He's literally cursed with a potion. It's not your fault." He muttered under his breath.

Still, when the wind in the End brushed against his cloak, it almost sounded like FlameFrag calling his name.

He rubbed his temples. "I'm losing it."

"*WEMMBU!*"

His heart stopped and almost every part of his body went rigid and he almost fell into the void.

Standing up, he turned to the portal of The End.

There stood FlameFrag. Armor scuffed, eyes wild and his hair was messy as if he hadn't slept in days. His breath came out ragged as his gaze locked on Wemmbu, and for a moment, there was relief.

Then it vanished, replaced by something darker.

“Three days,” FlameFrag starts, voice low. “You disappeared for *three days*.”

Wemmbu blinked, taking an uneasy step back. “You– you found me?” He stuttered. “How the hell did you–”

“I looked *everywhere*!” FlameFrag snapped, his usual cool and low voice was gone, replaced by his voice breaking between anger and something desperate. “The Nether, your base– you were just– gone!”

FlameFrag heave heavy breaths, making his way to Wemmbu with frantic steps. “I even thought you died!”

His blindfold was nowhere to be seen, Wemmbu noted, It makes it much easier for Wemmbu to read his face.

“I didn’t die, obviously–”

“You could’ve told me where you were going!”

“*I didn’t think I had to report my location to you every five fucking seconds!*” Wemmbu shot back, his frustration spiking as his skin color slowly turned into purple and his eyes darkened.

FlameFrag flinched, noticing the color change and *oh, how his anger looks so beautiful*–

His expression shifted again. His gaze turned sharp, almost possessive.

“You just– vanished...” he muttered. Walking closer as Wemmbu takes several steps back. “I couldn’t eat, couldn’t sleep– You have *no idea* how crazy it made me.”

Wemmbu took another step back, hitting the edge of the platform. “Okay– okay, Flame, let’s calm down–”

FlameFrag reached forward, snatching Wemmbu’s wrist firmly enough that it made Wemmbu’s breath hitch.

FlameFrag’s fingers tightened around his wrist– as if Wemmbu would vanish again if he loosened his grip even a little.

Looking into FlameFrag’s expression– stripped of blindfold, stripped of his usual cool composure– was like looking into a side of him that nobody has seen before.

And it *terrified* Wemmbu.

Maybe it was because it was so much easier for him to fight and shoot smart remarks to him without ever seeing how it affected him.

Or maybe it was because of those heart-shaped eyes of his.

“You left,” FlameFrag said, voice dangerously low. “You left without a word.”

Wemmbu swallowed. “I– I needed space. You were acting weird, and clingy, and–”

“And what?” FlameFrag snapped. “Caring about you is weird now?”

“That’s not–!” Wemmbu groaned, dragging a hand through his hair with his free arm. “You’re not *actually* caring, Flame! You were never supposed to *care*!”

Something flickered in FlameFrag’s eyes. A hurt so sharp and quick it made Wemmbu’s throat tightened.

But then it shifted into something steadier– a quiet look of desperation.

“Do you even know how it felt? Not knowing where you were? Not knowing if you were safe?”

Wemmbu scoffed, though the shake in his voice betrayed him. “Why do you even care that much–”

“Why would I not?” FlameFrag shot back.

“Maybe because you used to barely tolerate me?? You were always picking fights and–”

“And you always fought back.” FlameFrag stepped in closer,

crowding him against the edge. “You never backed down from me. Not once.”

Wemmbu’s breath stuttered.

The wind howled across the platform, blowing through Wemmbu’s cloak, scattering the silence that stretched between them.

Wemmbu’s voice cracked. “Flame, let go.”

FlameFrag looked down at their locked wrists, as if realizing for the first time how tightly he was holding on. But instead of releasing him, he loosened slightly. Just enough not to hurt and not enough to let go.

“Why did you run?”

Wemmbu’s mouth opened then shut.

“I– I didn’t *run*,” he said weakly.

“You hid!” FlameFrag countered.

“I needed space!”

“So I scare you now?”

“You–” Wemmbu nearly choked on air. “You don’t *scare* me! You’re just– too much!”

FlameFragS blinked.

Then his lips twitched into a faint, breathless laugh.

FlameFragS’ grip shifted in a way that made Wemmbu’s stomach do a weird, traitorous flip.

Before he could protest, FlameFragS tugged him– with urgency– away from the edge of the platform. His other hand hovered near the back of Wemmbu’s cloak, like he was afraid the wind might snatch him away.

“Hello??? What the hell–??” Wemmbu staggered as he stumbled a step forward.

“You’re too close to the edge.”

Wemmbu yanked his wrist free from FlameFragS and took a few steps back. “Okay, look.” Wemmbu inhaled deeply, clocking into whatever remained of his sanity. “You’re stressed. I get it. You.. thought something happened but I’m fine. See? Alive. Breathing and not falling into the void.”

FlameFragS’ jaw clenched.

“That’s not the point!”

Wemmbu tried not to yell in frustration, but the flush of purple in his skin betrayed him, his tail stomping onto the ground.

FlameFrag dragged a hand through his messy hair, tugging at the strands in frustration.

“You don’t understand, you weren’t there!”

“Where?!” Wemmbu yelled.

“Your base!” His eyes darkened at the memory. “I checked it every hour, waiting for you to come back– I even asked EggChan and he said that even *he* doesn’t know where you are!”

He paused for a moment, scanning Wemmbu’s body for any injury.

“I left food, I left potions, I left signs and every time I went back, hoping you’d be there, it was empty.”

Wemmbu hated how the butterflies in his stomach fluttered.

“I thought maybe you were hurt, or trapped, or someone got to you–”

“Okay, Flame–” Wemmbu’s voice softened despite the turmoil inside him.

“Flame, listen. I didn’t run away from you.”

FlameFrag's head snapped up.

"I just... needed time to think."

"Think about what?" FlameFrag asked immediately.

Crap.

Wemmbu forced a casual shrug. "You know, stuff."

"Stuff." FlameFrag deadpanned.

"Yeah, I don't have to tell you everything."

A muscle in FlameFrag's jaw ticked.

Wemmbu took a bold step forward— closing the space FlameFrag had been so carefully controlling – and gripped both of FlameFrag's arms.

"Okay— So like, I'm here now, okay? You found me. I'm safe. You don't need to... hover. Or freak out. Or think I died in the void or something."

FlameFrag melted at his voice, calming down a bit.

“You’re not leaving again?”

“Bro.” Wemmbu huffed. “You’re impossible.”

“I am not promising anything.” He continued.

Wemmbu stepped back, needing to breathe but FlameFrag’s gaze followed him like a shadow made of hunger and devotion.

“Okay, so how about we go back to the overworld first?”

FlameFrag didn’t answer, taking a step closer.

Wemmbu blinked. “Flame?”

“You’re staying with me,” FlameFrag murmured. “Right?”

“Oh my god, did you just listened to what I said earlier—”

FlameFrag’s eyebrows furrowed. “I just don’t get it— why disappear for *three* days? If you needed space to think, you could’ve told me! Maybe I could’ve helped!”

Wemmbu’s gaze dropped and he was quiet for a moment.

“If I told you I needed space from you, would you leave me alone?”

FlameFrag froze— hurt splintering across his features so abruptly that Wemmbu regretted it instantly.

Then FlameFrag drew his sword.

Wemmbu instantly took several steps back, equipping his mace for protection.

“Fight me,” FlameFrag challenged, “or you’re not leaving my sight.”

Then he lunged.

Wemmbu staggered backwards, equipping his shield with his other hand.

“Are you *INSANE???*”

“Yes,” FlameFrag snapped. “Three days without you did that.”

Wemmbu choked on air. “You can’t just— just fight me every time you get emotional!”

“You do that almost every time bro!”

Wemmbu’s vision tinted purple with anger, frustration, and something

he refused to name.

“Fine,” he hissed. “You want a fight?”

He could use the adrenaline to— to distract himself from whatever’s going on inside his head.

Especially that turmoil of butterflies in his stomach.

His claws swung dangerously in the air as he fixed his stance, holding his mace on the other hand.

The amethyst charm that hung in his neck like a necklace shimmered, and FlameFangs almost wanted to withdraw from the fight.

“Let’s fight.”

Chapter 7: CONFESSION

CHAPTER 7: CONFESSION

FlameFrag lunged first, his blade slicing through the air with a hiss that echoed like a war cry from the old days. Wemmbu blocked with his shield, the impact rattling his bones and sending sparks across The End platform. The clash of metal and magic reverberated, pulling him into a rhythm he hadn't felt in a while—a rhythm of survival, of dominance, of something primal.

For a fleeting second, Wemmbu almost smiled. This feels... familiar. His muscles remembered every parry, every feint, every brutal strike from battles in the past. He hated how much he missed it—the chaos, the rush, the way his heart roared louder than his thoughts. But he shoved the feeling down, burying it under layers of denial. *'No. I don't miss this. I don't miss him.'*

FlameFrag pressed harder, his movements sharp but faltering at the edges. His grip trembled—not from weakness, but from something deeper gnawing at him. Every time Wemmbu's eyes locked with his, a warmth surged in his chest, foreign and wrong. He gritted his teeth, forcing the sensation away. *'Why does it hurt like this? Why does seeing him pull away feel like losing air?'*

Wemmbu scoffed. "Why do you care so much?!"

They locked again—shield against sword, breath mingling in the charged air. Wemmbu's claws dug into the edge of his shield, purple veins pulsing under his skin like molten amethyst. FlameFrag felt his resolve splinter. His grip trembled and he can hear his thoughts screaming for him to stop.

'I just don't want you to leave.'

Pushing his shield forward made FlameFrag staggered backwards, Wemmbu took this to his advantage and equipped his elytra, flying skyward and raising his mace—

FlameFrag equipped his own shield, preparing for the impact.

Chunks of end stone flew in different directions and a small crater formed beneath FlameFrag. For a brief second, he saw the amethyst charm dangling from Wemmbu's neck and *oh how it suits him so well.*

FlameFrag barely had time to breathe before Wemmbu dove again from the sky—faster, heavier, every strike fueled by panic and stubbornness he refused to name. The amethyst charm caught the End's pale light as he fell, glowing against his chest like a second heartbeat.

FlameFrag couldn't look away.

He raised his shield just in time—

CLANG!

The impact sent him skidding backward, boots carving trenches into the brittle stone.

"Why" FlameFrag grunted, pushing back against the force, "—won't you just *STOP* and *TALK* to me?!"

"You're the one who wanted to fight!" Wemmbu said opening his elytra once more.

"And talking isn't working!" Wemmbu snapped, wings flaring as he kicked off the ground again. "You're not listening!"

"I am listening!" FlameFrag deflected the next swing, but the desperation in his voice cracked through the air. "You just keep running!"

Wemmbu froze mid-swing—just a fraction of a second, but FlameFrag saw it.

Saw the flicker of fear.

Saw the guilt.

Was he aware of the advances Wemmbu had made so far to avoid him? The thought made Wemmbu short-circuited.

"You don't know anything," Wemmbu hissed, but his voice trembled.

FlameFrag stepped forward slowly, sword lowered, breathing hard.

Before he could even talk, Wemmbu crashed down—mace making contact with his shield as pieces of it flew everywhere.

FlameFrag ignored the pain in his shoulders, the blood that trickled when the pieces of the wood from his shield nicked his skin and

staggered forward.

His eyes were wild, uncontrolled and something beneath it displayed a raw emotion. "I know you're scared."

Wemmbu's pulse stuttered.

"And I know..." FlameFrag swallowed, forcing the words out, "I'm not acting like myself."

Wemmbu took a step backwards, *'Does he know?'*

FlameFrag looked down at his hands—the same hands that trembled when he couldn't find Wemmbu, the same hands that grabbed too tightly, the same hands that wanted to protect him from everything, even from shadows that didn't exist.

"I feel like dying when you're not here—everything is too—" He trailed off, stumbling his words. "too overwhelming—I feel like I couldn't breathe when I can't see or hear you and my chest..." He looked up, his eyes watery. "It feels like it's... cracking."

Wemmbu's breath caught.

At this point, he doesn't know how bad the potion had him right now.

And that scared him.

'No. It's the potion. Definitely the potion.' Wemmbu assured himself.

FlameFrag stared at him, eyes bright and unguarded.

"And when you fight me like this..."

He took a shaky breath.

"It's the only time you look at me the way I look at you."

Wemmbu's throat closed. "I don't—Flame, that's not—"

"You were always the one I chased," FlameFrag murmured. "Even before all this 'friendship' thing." He then took another glance at the amethyst charm that hang from Wemmbu's neck.

"That's because you're the only one that proved me wrong." FlameFrag continued. "Proved me that I'm more than a weapon," He took another step forward. "That I mean something."

He gripped his sword, flames activating at the blade as he surged his energy through it. "You think I picked fights with you because I hated you?"

Wemmbu looked away, rubbing a hand behind his neck. "What are—yes???" His answer was more of a question, he didn't know what to answer to that.

Did FlameFrag really hate him?

For some reason, that thought doesn't sit right with Wemmbu.

FlameFrag smiled faintly.

A soft, crooked smile that did not match the intensity burning in his eyes. "No, Wemmbu. It's because those are the only times you'd look at me."

Wemmbu's heart slammed so violently against his ribs he thought it might burst.

"No." He took a step back, shaking his head. "No, no, no. You don't get to say things like that. You hate me! You were supposed to *HATE* me!"

FlameFrag laughed once—breathy, broken.

"Hate you?"

He took a step forward.

"*Hate* you?" He repeated. "I never hated you, Wemmbu."

Wemmbu stumbled back until his heel hit the edge of the crater.

"Stop."

"I don't want to hurt you," FlameFrag murmured. "I just want you to come with me."

Wemmbu's elytra twitched, ready to bolt and FlameFrag's voice dropped to a whisper.

"Don't run. Please."

Wemmbu's chest tightened painfully.

"I'm not running—"

"Yes, you are," FlameFrag said softly. "You always run when you feel something."

Wemmbu flinched—physically.

"Cool. Yeah. Later," he said weakly. "I'll just— uh— go... not die somewhere."

As he backed away into the trees, FlameFrag actually followed him for a few steps. Wemmbu practically wanted to sprint after that.

"Where are you going?"

To the nether, anywhere that's far away from you. Wemmbu wanted to say. "Um... Mine stuff..."

...

"That'll do for the day." Wemmbu said, looking down at his pickaxe.

FlameFrag looked up from his task and stared at the broken pickaxe. "Your pickaxe broke?"

"Yeah."

FlameFrag's gaze lingered a bit longer at the broken pickaxe before going back at his task. A thought lingered in his head.

'He can always craft a new one. Does he want to leave already?'

Wemmbu was in the middle of sorting his inventory when FlameFrag walked towards him, handing him something.

Turning, Wemmbu stared at the diamond pickaxe like it was a foreign artifact. Its edges gleamed under the faint torchlight, sharp and perfect, humming with promise. He hesitated, fingers twitching but refusing to reach out.

"Why?" The word slipped out before he could stop it.

FlameFrag tilted his head, expression unreadable beneath the shadow of his helmet. "You need it," he said simply, as if that explained everything.

...

"Uh-huh," Flame replied dryly, stepping over a lava pool. "That's exactly what someone says before falling into lava."

"I won't—"

A loud splash followed.

"—shut up," Wemmbu snapped from the lava, scrambling onto the ledge, his armor hissing with steam.

FlameFrag didn't say anything. He just crouched, extending a hand to help him up.

Wemmbu stared at it suspiciously, his heart continuously dropping on top of his inventory bar. "What, so you can shove me back in?"

Flame sighed. "If I wanted to kill you, I would've done it by now."

"Comforting," Wemmbu grumbled.

Flame looked at Wemmbu for a moment, the guy was obviously having hard time pulling himself up from the lava with the lava clinging to his body like slime.

Flame sighed once more, grabbing Wemmbu's wrist and pulling him out of the lava pool in one swift motion.

'Being vulnerable is not a bad thing,' Flame wanted to say, but kept his mouth shut.

...

"Why are you so persistent?" His voice came out low, raw.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, eyes glaring. "Because you're holding back. That's not the Flame I know."

FlameFrag's jaw clenched. "Maybe I don't want to be that guy anymore."

The words landed like a blow. Wemmbu faltered. "What?"

FlameFrag lowered his sword, heart pounding. "I used to fight you like it didn't matter. Like you didn't matter." His breath shook. "Now? Every time I swing, all I can think about is—what if I hurt you? What if I lose you?"

Wemmbu froze.

"You're... important," he whispered, the confession trembling on his tongue. "More than I thought."

Wemmbu laughed, looking away. "Wow. Okay. That's... weird." His voice cracked, betraying him.

FlameFrag tilted his head, stepping closer. "Is it?"

The air between them burned. FlameFrag could smell the faint trace of smoke clinging to his own clothes, every instinct screamed to pull back—but he didn't.

He reached out, fingertips brushing Wemmbu's sleeve—hesitant, reverent. "Tell me," he murmured, voice breaking. "Am I the only one feeling this?"

Wemmbu's throat worked, silent. FlameFrag waited, heart in his hands, knowing the answer might shatter him.

"I have to go." Wemmbu said, yanking his sleeve away from FlameFrag's hold.

The action made something ache in FlameFrag's chest.

FlameFrag's expression softened, but the obsession burning underneath only grew brighter.

"I don't want to fight anymore," FlameFrag whispered. "I don't want to hurt you or scare you, I just—"

His voice broke.

"I just want you."

His eyes widened for a moment before realizing what he had just said "By my side." He quickly added.

Wemmbu's breath hitched so violently it hurt.

"That's not true."

It wasn't.

It was the potion speaking, not FlameFrag.

And that thought hurt more than any blade.

"That's not—it's the—" He stuttered, *It's the potion*, he wanted to say. "Because back then, you wouldn't be saying ANY of this! You wouldn't be—acting like—like—"

"Like I'm in love with you?"

Wemmbu's entire body froze.

FlameFrag took his final step forward.

The words shattered the silence like a blade through glass. Wemmbu's entire body locked, claws curling against his mace. His pulse roared in his ears, drowning out reason. He wanted to scream, to deny, to tear the moment apart before it consumed him.

Instead, he whispered, broken and quiet:

"That's not you. It's the potion."

FlameFrag blinked, confusion flickering across his face. "What... potion?"

Wemmbu froze. Crap. Crap. Crap. He hadn't meant to say it. He hadn't meant to confess. His tail lashed violently as panic clawed at his ribs.

"You—" FlameFrag's voice cracked, his grip tightening on his sword. "What do you mean, potion?"

Wemmbu's breath hitched, words tumbling out like shards. "You're under one, Flame. That's why you're saying all this. That's why you—" He choked on the rest, the truth burning his throat. "It's not real."

FlameFrag staggered back a step, eyes wide, the obsession in them flickering with doubt. "No... no, that's not—" His voice faltered, raw and jagged. "I feel this. I know I do."

Wemmbu seized the moment. While FlameFrag reeled from the revelation, Wemmbu spun, tail whipping like a blade, and swan-dived into the void.

Opening his elytra, he turned and bolted towards the portal.

"*WEMMBU!*" FlameFrag roared, gripping his sword and charging after him.

The chase erupted like a storm—he could hear FlameFrag hot in his heels as the sound of fireworks being fired echoed in his ears. FlameFrag was relentless, his blade flashing like lightning as he closed the gap.

"You think you can just disappear again" FlameFrag snarled,

slamming his sword against Wemmbu's shield mid-air. The impact jolted through Wemmbu's arm, forcing him to spin and counter with his mace. The clash rang out like a war cry, echoing through the hollow dark.

"Stop chasing me!" Wemmbu hissed, purple veins pulsing under his skin as fury—and something else—burned hotter. "You don't get it!"

"Then make me understand!" FlameFrag swung again, sparks igniting between them. His voice cracked under the weight of his own turmoil. "Why does it feel like I need you? Why does it feel like losing you would kill me?"

Wemmbu faltered, the words slicing deeper than any blade. His grip trembled. His thoughts screamed. *'Because of the potion. Because this isn't real. Because if I stay, I'll break too.'*

He shoved FlameFrag back with a roar, claws slashing through the air. "I can't—" His voice fractured, raw and jagged. "I can't do this!"

FlameFrag lunged again, but Wemmbu spun, tail whipping like a blade, and slammed his mace into the ground. The shockwave rippled through the cavern, hurling FlameFrag backward in a storm of shattered end stone.

Wemmbu didn't wait. Opening his elytra once more, he fired a firework and bolted towards the portal.

He practically dived into the portal, landing into the grassy ground as he was teleported back to spawn. The overworld's cold light kissed his skin and he can feel his lungs burning as his legs screamed for rest.

He opened his elytra, firing a firework as he made his way back to his base.

He stumbled inside, heart pounding, claws scraping against the doorframe. The silence hit him first—thick, unnatural. No clatter of brewing stands. No hum of EggChan's voice.

"Egg! I'm here! Where's the antidote—" Wemmbu called, voice echoing through the empty halls.

Nothing.

The base was deserted.

And on the crafting table, a single item lay waiting:

EggChan's book. The same book he and Wemmbu looted from that one abandoned witch hut.

Wemmbu's claws trembled as he picked it up, the weight of it sinking like stone in his chest.

"Egg... Where are you?"

Behind him, the wind howled through the open door—carrying with it the faint echo of loneliness.

Chapter 8: UNSAID FEELINGS

Chapter Notes

Note: This takes place after the sparring match on Chapter 5.

CHAPTER 8: UNSAID FEELINGS

EggChan stared at the vial of blood in his hand, the crimson liquid catching the lantern light like molten rubies. His fingers tightened around the glass, the weight of it sinking like stone in his chest.

"I'm surprised you even managed to snag a sample," he muttered, voice sharp but tinged with disbelief.

Wemmbu was in a trance, not even looking at EggChan.

EggChan huffed, focusing back to his book to read the ingredients needed to make the antidote.

Across the room, Wemmbu sat hunched over the edge of the crafting table, claws curled against the wood, eyes distant—lost in a storm EggChan couldn't see. He didn't answer. Didn't even look up. His tail lay limp against the floor, twitching only when the wind howled through the cracked window.

EggChan huffed, turning back to the book sprawled open before him. Its pages were brittle, ink curling in jagged runes that clawed at his mind. He traced the words with a finger, reading the ingredients aloud under his breath. "Nether wart... blaze powder... fermented spider eye..." His voice faltered as he reached the last line. "And blood from

the bound."

He glanced at the vial again, unease gnawing at his ribs. "Brother, you good?"

Still nothing from Wemmbu.

EggChan's wings twitched, concern sparking like flint. "You've been like this ever since you came back," he said, sharper now. "Silent. Brooding. That's not you, you don't think before you act—you just do. So what changed?"

Wemmbu ignored the slight shade from EggChan's comment and his claws tightened against the table, the wood groaning under the pressure. His voice, when it came, was low—raw, jagged, like glass grinding against stone.

"Flame."

EggChan froze. The name hung in the air like smoke, curling through the silence, heavy and suffocating.

Wemmbu's gaze flicked up at last, violet eyes blazing with something EggChan couldn't name—something sharp, something soft, something dangerous. "He's not himself," Wemmbu whispered, the words trembling like a confession. "And it's my fault."

EggChan swallowed hard, claws curling against the book. "It's not your fault, Wemmbu." He said, voice quiet.

"It is." Wemmbu's voice cracked, jagged and broken. "I should've never taken that potion without your consent, I—" He trailed off, breath tearing through his lungs as his tail lashed violently, striking the floor with a crack. "And now everything is falling apart."

"Hey—the antidote is one step away, don't worry." EggChan tried to comfort him, trying to focus in his brewing station while shooting glances at the purple-haired demon.

Wemmbu's claws scraped against the wood, leaving deep grooves like scars. His breath hitched, and when he spoke again, his voice was a storm barely held together.

"You don't get it, EggChan." His words cracked like lightning. "Every time he looks at me now—every time he smiles—it feels like the world isn't burning. Like I matter." His tail lashed, striking the floor with a sharp thud. "And I like it. I like it too much."

EggChan froze, the vial trembling in his grip. "Wemmbu..."

"I'm selfish." The confession tore out of him like a blade. His obsidian-like eyes burned, shimmering with something dangerous and desperate. "Because if we fix him—if he drinks that antidote—what if he stops? What if he goes back to being... distant? Cold? What if I lose this?" His voice dropped to a whisper, trembling like glass on the edge of shattering. "I don't want him to stop caring about me."

The silence that followed was suffocating. EggChan's wings twitched, his throat dry as parchment. He wanted to say something—anything—but the words tangled like vines around his tongue.

Wemmbu slammed his fist against the table, splintering the wood. "I hate myself for thinking this! He's suffering because of me, and all I

can do is sit here and wonder if fixing him means losing him." His claws curled, trembling. "What kind of monster does that make me?"

EggChan finally spoke, voice low but steady. "It makes you someone who cares too much." He set the vial down gently, like it might explode. "But Flame isn't just his affection. He's more than this potion. If he cares now, maybe it's because he always did—and you were too blind to see it."

"What do you mean?" Wemmbu whispered.

"What I mean is that—maybe he had always cared about you and that the potion just became his gateway to finally express himself."

Wemmbu stared at him, breath ragged, the storm in his eyes flickering like dying embers. For the first time, doubt and hope tangled in his chest, choking him.

EggChan didn't move. He just watched, wings twitching, the silence stretching like a blade between them.

Finally, Wemmbu spoke again, voice hoarse, almost pleading. "You say he always cared. But if that's true, then why didn't he show it before? Why did it take a cursed potion to make him look at me like I'm worth something?"

EggChan's jaw tightened. "Maybe because you never gave him the chance."

Wemmbu's head snapped up, obsidian-like eyes blazing. "Don't put this on me."

"I'm not," EggChan said calmly, though his fingers dug into the edge of the brewing station. "I'm saying you've always been loud, reckless, and impossible to read. You never let anyone close and Flame's careful. He waits, he watches and he's careful. Maybe he thought you'd turn him away if he tried."

Wemmbu scoffed, a small smirk tugging his lips. "Okay, William Shakespeare."

His smirk disappeared once more, replaced by a frown. His tail lashed again, cracking the floorboards. "So now what? Now he's not careful. Now he's... warm. He laughs with me. He touches me like I'm not poison." His voice broke, raw and jagged. "And I can't—Egg, I can't lose that."

EggChan exhaled slowly, the sound like wind through broken glass. "You're not losing him. You're saving him."

"Saving him from what?" Wemmbu snarled, rising to his feet so fast the chair toppled behind him. "From feeling something real? From wanting me?" His claws curled into fists, trembling. "You don't understand. When he looks at me now, it feels like—like I'm not the monster everyone says I am."

EggChan's gaze softened, but his voice stayed firm. "You're not a monster, Wemmbu. But if you keep him like this—if you let him suffer just so you can feel wanted—then maybe you're becoming one."

The words hit like a hammer. Wemmbu staggered back, breath ragged, tail thrashing in violent arcs. "I didn't ask for this," he whispered, voice cracking.

EggChan turned back to the brewing station, his hands moved with deliberate precision, grinding nether wart into a fine crimson dust. "But caring means doing the hard thing. Even when it hurts."

Wemmbu's throat burned. He wanted to argue, to scream, to tear the room apart—but all that came out was a broken laugh. "Hard thing," he echoed bitterly. "You make it sound so simple."

EggChan didn't look up. "It's not simple. It's right."

The silence that followed was heavy, thick with everything unsaid. Wemmbu stared at the shattered wood beneath his claws, at the lantern flickering like a dying star, and wondered if he had the strength to do what was right—or if he'd choose what his heart screamed for instead.

EggChan turned, wings flaring slightly, his gaze sharp as obsidian. "I'm gonna be transparent right now, Wemmbu." He paused, not turning to face Wemmbu. "You're so wrapped up in what you want—what you're afraid to lose—that you've forgotten what Flame is going through. He's not himself, Wemmbu. He's drowning in something he didn't choose."

Wemmbu's throat burned. "Don't you think I know that?" His voice cracked, jagged and raw. "Every time he smiles at me, I see it—the wrongness behind his eyes. I feel it. And it kills me because I want it anyway."

EggChan released a soft laugh, "So you do admit that you'd rather keep him broken than risk being alone?"

The words hit like a hammer. Wemmbu staggered back, tail thrashing violently. "That's not—" He stopped, choking on the denial. His claws

curled into fists, trembling. "I'm not that selfish."

"You literally just confessed to being one earlier." EggChan deadpanned.

Wemmbu laughed—a hollow, broken sound that scraped against the walls. "What do you want me to say? *'Hey Flame! Let me just fix you real quick and watch you walk away as I pretend I'm okay when every part of me is screaming to keep you close!'*"

The both of them fell quiet for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"Okay, that's kinda cringe, not gonna lie."

"I think you just lost your entire aura by saying that."

"I agree."

EggChan's wings folded tight against his back, "But in all seriousness, doing the right thing even when it feels like tearing your own heart out is the right thing."

Wemmbu's breath hitched, his chest heaving like a storm-tossed sea. "You make it sound so easy." He said, chuckling nervously.

"It's not," EggChan said softly. "But it's the only way you'll know if what he feels is real."

Wemmbu froze, the words sinking like stones into his gut. His claws trembled against the ruined table, leaving fresh scars in the wood. "And if it's not?" His voice was barely a whisper now, fragile as glass. "If he drinks that antidote and looks at me like I'm nothing again?"

EggChan met his gaze, steady and unflinching. "You'll survive. Because you're stronger than this. Stronger than pretending."

For a long moment, Wemmbu just stood there, violet eyes burning with a storm EggChan couldn't name—fear, longing, rage, all tangled into something sharp and desperate. His tail lashed once, then stilled, heavy as lead.

The silence that followed was suffocating, thick with everything unsaid. The lantern flickered, casting fractured light across the room, and for the first time, Wemmbu felt the weight of choice pressing down like a mountain.

Wemmbu felt like he was drowning.

Every inhale scraped. Every exhale burned.

Finally, he turned away.

"I need air," he muttered.

EggChan didn't respond. He didn't need to. His wings twitched—concerned and worried all bundled into one tiny gesture.

Wemmbu slipped out into the cold night.

...

It has been a day after their sparring match and FlameFrag wanted to talk to Wemmbu.

“Is Wemmbu here?” FlameFrag asked, peeping into EggChan's and Wemmbu's shared room.

EggChan didn't look up from his brewing station, already used to having FlameFrag barge into their base whenever Wemmbu's out running errands. “He's out.”

FlameFrag nodded once, slow and stiff.

Walking towards Wemmbu's bed, he set something on the table near the bed.

A small plate of golden carrots. Perfectly arranged. Like an offering.

He left without a word.

EggChan blinked.

Weird.

...

The second day came and FlameFrag came earlier this time.

EggChan was at the brewing stand when he felt a presence behind him—quiet but heavy. He turned just as FlameFrag placed something else by the bed:

A neatly wrapped bundle of fire resistance potions.

And a note.

EggChan waited until FlameFrag left.

Then he opened it.

Stay safe. Come back soon.

—*Flame.*

EggChan closed the note with a shiver.

He set it aside.

Hours later, FlameFrag returned again.

This time placing cooked porkchops, baked potatoes, and another note.

Eat properly. You forget sometimes.

—*Flame*

EggChan's wings shivered.

...

By the third day, EggChan had barely slept. Brewing the antidote took precision, and worry gnawed at him like a phantom.

As EggChan was drinking coffee, his comms emitted a “Ding!” sound.

Fishing it out from his pocket, he stared at the message.

< Wemmbu >

how's the antidote going?

EggChan took a sip from his coffee before replying.

< **EggChan** >

making it rn

He had just finished stabilizing the mixture when the door slammed open hard enough to rattle the chest beside it.

FlameFrag stood there.

His hair is a mess and his eyes were bloodshot, his hands were trembling, EggChan noted.

“Where is he?”

EggChan froze. “Flame—hey—calm down.”

“Where is Wemmbu?” FlameFrag repeated, voice low, strained. A thin thread away from snapping. “I checked the Nether, the mines, everywhere. He’s gone.”

EggChan took a slow breath.

“He needs space.”

“Space?” FlameFragS laughed—a cracked, broken sound. “He left without telling me.”

EggChan’s wings twitched in irritation.

“What, are you his dad now? He doesn't need to report every single thing he does—”

FlameFragS grabbed the edge of the brewing table so violently it nearly toppled. “He DOES. He should. He knows how I get—how I FEEL—”

His voice rose, shaking on the edges.

“He knows I can’t breathe when he’s gone.”

EggChan stared, stunned.

“Flame. You’re not thinking straight—”

“I’m thinking perfectly,” FlameFragS hissed. “And you’re hiding something.”

“I’m not—”

FlameFrag slammed his blade into the table.

EggChan jumped back, wings flaring.

“Tell me where he is.”

“No.”

FlameFrag stared, his blindfold nowhere to be seen.

A smile then slowly crept up to his face.

“I didn’t want to do this.”

He lunged.

...

EggChan isn't really that much of a fighter.

No matter how many times Wemmbu trains him, it's just as if he was made to fish and live peacefully without ever touching a blade.

And not to mention that he hates violence and fighting.

He launched poisoned tipped arrows, splashes of weakness potions, traps he'd set for emergencies only—but FlameFrag cut through everything like a wildfire through dry grass.

He was much faster and stronger, EggChan knew that.

EggChan's breathing grew ragged. Sweat dripped down his brow. His wings ached from twisting out of the way.

FlameFrag cornered him at the doorway, blade pressed to the stone beside EggChan's head.

"Last chance," he whispered. "Where is he?"

EggChan spat blood, glaring up at him.

"You're not yourself. You're going to scare him—"

FlameFrag's eye twitched.

"Where. Is. Wemmbu?"

EggChan's resolve wavered—but didn't break.

Until FlameFrag grabbed him by the collar and lifted him like he weighed nothing.

“Tell me,” FlameFrag growled, “or I swear, I will tear apart every realm until I find him.”

EggChan’s wings drooped.

He knew he didn't stand a chance in this fight and he knew that he was going to lose the moment the fight started.

He couldn't even feel defeated, he already knew this was coming.

What he does know though was that Wemmbu needed that antidote.

“...He’s in The End,” EggChan whispered, voice shaking. “He went to clear his head.”

FlameFrag froze.

Then slowly—terrifyingly—smiled.

“Good.”

He dropped EggChan to the floor like discarded loot.

And without another word—

He sprinted toward the nearest stronghold.

The base door slammed shut behind FlameFrag, leaving nothing but trembling lantern light and the metallic tang of fear in the air. EggChan sat on the floor, chest heaving, wings half-spread in pain.

Only when the fading echo of FlameFrag's footsteps finally vanished did EggChan push himself upright with a shaky groan.

He pressed a hand to his bruised ribs, wincing. His potions clattered on the brewing stand behind him—some cracked, some spilled from the chaos of the fight.

He stared at the mess and swallowed hard.

If Flame came back while Wemmbu wasn't here...

If Flame came back worse...

No.

He couldn't risk it.

EggChan's wings twitched with nervous urgency as he lurched to his

feet. He needed to move. Now.

He shoved potions into his inventory—strength, healing, invisibility, fire resistance, slow falling—anything he could grab with trembling hands. Bottles clinked like frantic heartbeats.

He paused only once, staring at the half-brewed antidote glistening like molten amber in the brewing stand.

“Wemmbu... I swear I’ll finish this,” he whispered.

Then, with one decisive breath, he bottled the stabilized portion of the antidote into a vial. It wasn't complete— but it was all he had for now.

He couldn't stay here.

Not with FlameFrag slipping further into obsession.

EggChan made sure to clean the broken glass and put everything back in place to prevent Wemmbu panicking when he came back and saw the mess that littered their room.

EggChan grabbed his traveling satchel, strapped it across his chest, and hurried toward the door. His boots crunched over the dry grass before taking off into the sky.

"Egg! I'm here! Where's the antidote—" Wemmbu called, voice echoing through the empty halls.

Nothing.

The base was deserted.

And on the crafting table, a single item lay waiting:

EggChan's book. The same book he and Wemmbu looted from that one abandoned witch hut.

Wemmbu's claws trembled as he picked it up, the weight of it sinking like stone in his chest.

"Egg... Where are you?"

Behind him, the wind howled through the open door—carrying with it the faint echo of loneliness.

Chapter 9: REALIZATION

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

CHAPTER 9: REALIZATION

FlameFraggs stood frozen in The End, the echo of Wemmbu's words clawing at his skull.

"That's not you. It's the potion."

Potion. The word burned like acid. His mind scrambled, rifling through memories—every fight, every moment, every breath since their rematch. Had he been drugged? No. Impossible. He would've noticed. He would've felt something off. He wasn't stupid.

But then—

He looked up—and there, half-hidden in the leaves, was Wemmbu. The purple-haired demon was crouched on the branch, rummaging through his ender chest with frantic urgency.

Wemmbu pulled out a shimmering pink potion—regeneration. He uncorked it, ready to drink, but before the bottle reached his lips, another arrow whistled through the air and grazed his arm.

"OW—!" The potion slipped from his fingers, tumbling through the air and shattering just a few meters from FlameFraggs.

He welcomed the splash of the potion and almost instantly, he can feel his wounds closing and the blood stopping. Feeling much better, he turned to look back at the purple demon at the tree.

"BRO—" Wemmbu shouted, voice cracking with disbelief. "You're actually so fucking annoying it's unbelievable!"

He slammed the ender chest shut, yanked his mace from his back, and leapt from the branch with a snarl.

FlameFraggs reached for a slow-falling arrow, but before he could draw it, a sharp pain stabbed through his skull. His vision blurred as he felt the world tilting.

Flame's stomach twisted. *'That was just a regen potion... wasn't it?'* His thoughts spiraled, jagged and merciless. If it wasn't, then what? What could twist his head like this, make his chest ache every time Wemmbu turned away? What could make him feel like his entire existence depended on one person?

"No. No, he wouldn't do that to me." The words hissed through his teeth, brittle and desperate. Wemmbu wasn't like that. He wasn't a manipulator. He wasn't—

Flame's grip on his sword trembled. His breath came in ragged bursts. *'Are these feelings even mine? Or are they brewed in a bottle? Manufactured? Fake?'* His chest constricted, thorns tightening around his ribs. He wanted to scream, to tear the truth out of the world with his bare hands.

"What did you do to me, Wemmbu?" The whisper scraped his throat

raw. His knees buckled, crashing against the cold stone. He clawed at his hair, nails biting scalp, as the storm inside him broke loose.

"It's not real."

The voice slithered through the silence, soft, venomous.

Flame's head snapped up. His heart slammed against his ribs.

"Wemmbu?" His voice cracked, raw and desperate.

No answer. Just the echo of his own breath.

Flame staggered to his feet, sword scraping against stone. His eyes darted wildly across the void, searching for a tail flick, a strand of purple hair, anything. But there was nothing. Just the void. Just him.

"You're under one, Flame. That's why you're saying all this. That's why you—"

Flame whipped around so fast his vision blurred — but there was no one. No footsteps. No tail flick. No purple glow. Just the hollow End — stretching, endless, echoing every irrational thud of his heartbeat.

His breath hitched. His chest felt like it was collapsing inward, ribs bending under a weight he couldn't name.

'Was any of this real?'

Heat crawled up his spine, icy and burning at the same time. His thoughts tangled, knotted, strangling one another.

I said all of that because I... meant it. Didn't I?

But then Wemmbu's voice rang through him again, sharp and merciless:

"That's not you. It's the potion."

Flame's knees gave out. He hit the end stone hard, palms scraping but he didn't feel a thing. He pressed his forehead against the rough stone, breath shaky and thin.

"No— no, that wasn't fake." His voice cracked as he whispered to himself. "It couldn't be."

But doubt slithered in like smoke.

'Would I have said any of that if I wasn't under something?'

What if every moment—

Every warmth—

Every fear of losing him—

Every time his heart lurched when Wemmbu left—

...what if it wasn't his?

His hands trembled violently.

'Did the potion made me fall in love?'

The thought nearly made him gag.

'Is that why I feel so...weird whenever he's with me?'

Flame shoved himself upright, pacing, dragging shaky fingers across his scalp as if he could tear out the uncertainty. His breathing spiraled, ragged and uneven.

Memories started flooding back to him.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, eyes glaring. "Because you're holding back. That's not the Flame I know."

FlameFrag's jaw clenched. "Maybe I don't want to be that guy anymore."

The words landed like a blow. Wemmbu faltered. "What?"

FlameFrag lowered his sword, heart pounding. "I used to fight you like it didn't matter. Like you didn't matter." His breath shook. "Now? Every time I swing, all I can think about is—what if I hurt you? What if I lose you?"

Wemmbu froze.

"You're... important," he whispered, the confession trembling on his tongue. "More than I thought."

Wemmbu laughed, looking away. "Wow. Okay. That's... weird." His voice cracked, betraying him.

FlameFrag tilted his head, stepping closer. "Is it?"

The air between them burned. FlameFrag could smell the faint trace of smoke clinging to his own clothes, every instinct screamed to pull back—but he didn't.

He reached out, fingertips brushing Wemmbu's sleeve—hesitant, reverent. "Tell me," he murmured, voice breaking. "Am I the only one feeling this?"

His lungs constricted.

'Was that me?'

He released a shaky sigh, almost desperate.

"Or was that some stupid potion making me cling to him like a— like a—"

He exhaled shakily, unable to finish.

The End stayed silent.

Too silent.

And in the silence, the truth sobbed its way into his bones.

He didn't know anymore.

He didn't know which feelings belonged to him

and which belonged to a bottle.

Each memory felt like a knife digging its way to his heart,

"You're quiet," Flame said suddenly, reeling in his line. "Thinking about stabbing me?"

"Considering it," Wemmbu replied automatically.

Flame smirked. "Good. Keeps the world balanced."

When Flame caught a fish, he looked oddly proud, holding it up like a trophy. "You see this? That's skill."

Wemmbu caught a boot.

FlameFrag tried not to laugh but failed.

"I hate this," Wemmbu muttered, throwing the boot at him.

"Hey, that wasn't half bad." Flame teased, catching the boot.

Wemmbu literally caught a boot.

A boot.

"I will drown you."

Their laughter echoed across the river and oh how FlameFrag loved the way Wemmbu's laugh echoed across the place, his smile widening even more.

"Stop—" He whispered, voice shaking.

"Morning," FlameFrag greeted, voice uncharacteristically soft. "Thought I'd, uh... drop by."

Wemmbu blinked twice, still half-asleep, one hand gripping the doorframe. "It's seven in the morning."

"Perfect time for a morning spar," FlameFrag said brightly, holding out a gift. "Here."

Wemmbu stared down at it. "Is this... a netherite sword?"

"With Sharpness V and Mending," FlameFrag said proudly.

"Why?" Wemmbu asked flatly.

FlameFrag hesitated, then shrugged. "You like weapons?"

Did he not like the sword? Should he have put a different enchantment in it? FlameFrag could not read the perplexed expression in Wemmbu's face, is that a good or a bad thing?

Then, Wemmbu grabbed the sword, looking at it like it was some sort of ancient artifact. Despite his poker face, FlameFrag could see the stars shining in Wemmbu's eyes, obviously amazed at the sword.

"Thanks... I guess..."

FlameFrag's shoulders relaxed and a small smile made its way to his face.

He stumbled backward until he hit a pillar. His chest heaved, panic slicing every breath. He put a hand at the pillar to stabilize himself as if it was the only thing holding him to reality.

"Stop thinking about him—"

"It's not—" He heaved.

Flame sighed once more, grabbing Wemmbu's wrist and pulling him out of the lava pool in one swift motion.

Their fingers brushed briefly and Flame quickly looked away, clearing his throat. "Be careful next time."

Flame combed a hand through his hair, his eyes wild.

"Were those feelings... even real?"

"Here, I made something." FlameFrag started.

Wemmbu didn't event bothered looking, poking the fire with a stick.
"Hmm?"

"It's a charm."

Now that's something that caught Wemmbu's attention as he passed whatever he's doing and looked at what FlameFrag was holding.

It was a tiny, crudely made amethyst pendant tied to a string— uneven, lopsided, and clearly handmade.

"It's... for luck." FlameFrag said quickly, scratching the back of his neck. "You're always getting into trouble."

"JUST STOP."

Everything fell quiet and his thoughts paused.

His chest rose up and down and a sharp pain stabbed through his skull. His vision blurred as he felt the world tilting.

"Okay—" He started, trying to calm himself down.

"I should—I should probably go after—" He stopped himself before he could finish.

"No—I shouldn't—he said that—" He pants, feeling short of breath.

The voices in his head grew louder.

'Go find him, now.'

'Don't let him leave, keep him safe.'

'Protect him, he must be kept safe at all times.'

'He'll never escape again, he'll be ours.'

'Go.'

'Go.'

'Go.'

'Go.'

'Go.'

'GO!'

His breath stuttered dangerously.

He grabbed his own wrist and squeezed until his knuckles turned white, trying to ground himself, trying to shut up the voices.

"I'm not going after him."

He forced the words out like poison.

"I'm not— I'm not doing this again—"

'But you want to.'

'You know you want to.'

'He could get hurt, Flame. You should be there to protect him.'

'He's not a kid! He can handle himself!'

'What if he can't? What if he's out there getting himself in trouble again?'

'What if he's hurt?'

'And you're not there to protect him.'

"No more."

His voice was hoarse, hollow.

"No more running after him like this."

He sheathed his sword.

He needed to clear his mind, everything that has unraveled so far had his head turning.

...

FlameFrag didn't remember the exact moment he left The End.

One second he was standing on the cold end stone floor, knees shaking, throat burning from shouting a name that never answered—

and the next, the world around him had shifted into a blur of purple fog and collapsing thought until—

His boots hit the wood planks of his base's entry platform.

The familiar smell—smoke, stone, a metallic tang of the forge—should've grounded him. It should've calmed him.

It didn't.

He stumbled forward, clutching the doorframe as if the ground had tilted beneath him. His head still throbbed violently, pulse hammering at the base of his skull with every step.

He pushed past the door. It swung shut on its hinges with a dull slam.

The base was quiet—too quiet.

His furnaces still crackled faintly, half-smelted ores forgotten. His brewing stand blinked with a dim glow.

Flame stood in the center of his base, breath still uneven, every memory like a knife twisting under his ribs.

The potion.

The feelings.

The words he'd said.

He pressed his palms to his face and dragged down slowly, letting out a strangled groan.

“Get a grip,” he muttered to himself, pacing a tight circle across the wooden floor. “Just— think.”

But thinking made it worse.

Because every memory of Wemmbu—

every argument,

every dumb joke,

every moment their hands brushed,

every time Flame's chest pulled tight when Wemmbu turned away—

felt so real.

Too real.

So real he feared the truth more than the lie.

His voice cracked as he whispered to himself, "I loved him— didn't I?"

Then immediately recoiled as if the thought itself burned.

He slammed both hands down on his crafting table, bowing his head as the wood groaned beneath the force.

"Damn it, Flame," he hissed. "If it's the potion— then none of it's real. None of it."

His fingers curled, nails digging into the wood.

But then—

A second voice whispered from somewhere deeper, rawer, buried beneath all the fear.

‘But what if it was real before the potion?’

Flame froze.

His heartbeat stuttered painfully.

He wasn’t sure which possibility terrified him more—

That the feelings were fake

or that they were his from the start.

He squeezed his eyes shut so tightly it hurt, jaw clenched until it trembled.

“I can’t trust myself right now,” he whispered. “I can’t trust these memories. These... feelings.”

His breath hitched again.

If he ran after Wemmbu now—

if he chased him the way every bone screamed for him to—

he wouldn't know if it was his choice or the potion's grip tightening around his ribs.

His fists loosened as he backed away from the crafting table.

"No," he whispered, voice low but firming. "I'm not going after him."

The words tasted like ash.

Like betrayal.

Like ripping open something inside him.

He swallowed hard. "I need to... Detach. Just for a while. Until I know what's real."

He paced again— slower, steadier.

"I'll lie low," he murmured. "Avoid him. Avoid anything that might... pull me in again."

His throat tightened painfully.

“Just for a little while.”

Only then did he finally look toward the exit, vision clearer than it had been since the fight.

He needed time,

Just enough to figure out whether his heart was his own.

And FlameFrag, with trembling resolve, turned away from every memory of Wemmbu inside this room and walked into the dark.

...

The Nether winds howled as Wemmbu finally stumbled out of the portal leading to one of his and EggChan's emergency bases.

Smoke coated his lungs, ash clung to his clothes, and exhaustion soaked into his bones so heavily he felt like he was made of stone.

The crimson-stained corridors of the base flickered with dim lantern light. Somewhere deeper inside, the sound of clattering bottles

echoed.

Wemmbu dragged himself forward, tail low, eyes half-lidded from days without proper sleep.

“Egg—?” he called, voice cracking.

Footsteps rushed forward— fast, urgent— and EggChan appeared around the corner clutching a small glass bottle filled with shimmering pale-blue liquid.

“Wemmbu!” EggChan gasped. “You’re alive— you’re actually alive—” EggChan paused, taking a moment to look at Wemmbu’s ragged appearance. “What happened?!”

“I fought Flame,” Wemmbu muttered.

EggChan stopped dead.

“Oh.”

“Again?”

“Not like before.” Wemmbu rubbed his face. “This time he almost— said things.”

EggChan blinked. “Like... heartfelt things? Gross things? Emotional things?”

“YES,” Wemmbu snapped, ears burning crimson. “You don’t have to say it like that—”

EggChan looked down at the glowing bottle and held it out.

“The antidote is done.”

Wemmbu stared at it for several seconds— longer than he should have.

His hand trembled as he reached for it.

“So that’s it then,” he said quietly. “The one thing we needed.”

EggChan frowned. “What happened in The End? You look like your soul is still three rooms behind you.”

Wemmbu hesitated.

He swallowed.

Then the words spilled out of him— quiet, shaky, unguarded.

“He said he— he felt things for me,” Wemmbu whispered, staring at the ground. “He said he didn’t want to lose me. He said... I was important.”

EggChan's eyes widened.

"And—?"

"And I told him it was the potion," Wemmbu muttered, guilt twisting like molten metal in his stomach. "I told him he didn't mean it."

EggChan's expression fell.

"Oh."

For a moment, neither of them spoke.

The Nether flames crackled softly.

Wemmbu's voice dropped to a near whisper.

"...I don't know if I was right."

EggChan's brows furrowed. "Do you think he meant it?"

Wemmbu closed his eyes, exhaling shakily. "I don't know anymore. I don't know what he feels. I don't know how I feel."

He clutched the antidote tighter.

“But the potion has to be affecting him somehow,” he murmured. “He’s not... he’s not thinking straight. No matter what he said, it wasn’t him. Not fully.”

EggChan nodded slowly. “So what now? Do we go find him?”

Wemmbu hesitated.

His tail flicked once behind him.

“Not if he finds me first.”

EggChan tilted his head. “And if he doesn’t?”

Wemmbu looked down at the antidote, the blue liquid shimmering like something precious and painfully fragile.

“Then I’ll go,” he whispered. “Eventually. But I don’t want to chase him while he’s confused. While he’s hurting.”

He swallowed the lump in his throat.

“If he needs space... I’ll give him space.”

EggChan placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. “You’re doing the right thing.”

Wemmbu wasn't sure.

Because now the only thing left was to wait.

For Flame to find him.

Or for him to gather the courage to go first.

Either way...

Things would never be the same.

Chapter End Notes

yo so like i kind of wrote this half-asleep so my bad if there's any mistakes aidhasjd i'll fix it when i have the time

Chapter 10: DISTANCE

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

CHAPTER TEN: DISTANCE

Amor Elixir

Draft

Stage 5

At the final stage, devotion eclipses reason. The drinker's identity feels fused with the imprinted one, as if their existence depends on proximity. Separation is agony—physical, emotional, spiritual. Jealousy burns bright, and protectiveness turns feral. They will confront, manipulate, even destroy perceived threats without hesitation. To the drinker, the imprinted person is not just their beloved—they are everything.

FlameFrag didn't sleep for several nights as sleep meant dreaming, and dreaming meant seeing Wemmbu's face flicker behind his eyelids

The way his obsidian-like eyes narrowed when he was annoyed,

The way he smiled when he gains on FlameFrag,

The way his voice cracked whenever FlameFrag would throw a

compliment or two,

So FlameFrag trained instead.

Morning, afternoon, midnight—

Again and again, swinging his sword until the muscles in his arms screamed.

Maybe if he was exhausted enough, then he wouldn't think about what Wemmbu said.

Or what the potion might be doing to him.

He kept his distance.

He didn't track Wemmbu's trail like he'd done a dozen times before nor did he patrol the forest edges where he knew Wemmbu liked to gather wood.

Every twitch of instinct begged him to run to Wemmbu's side and every heartbeat argued against it.

He pressed the heel of his palm against his forehead, but the pressure barely dulled the ache.

Wemmbu wasn't here.

Wemmbu wasn't near him.

'Don't go. It's the potion. You can't trust this'

Every second of that truth stabbed into him like needles and his breath trembled, growing shallow. The shadows of the room flickered, and for one sharp, terrifying heartbeat, he felt something inside him claw to the surface.

'Where is he?'

'Why isn't he here?'

'He shouldn't be alone— he shouldn't—'

'He should be with me—'

Flame's hand curled into a fist so tight his knuckles split. The faint sting of blood did nothing to ground him. His vision blurred, swirling violet around the edges.

"Get it together," he hissed, gripping the edge of the table. "He's fine. He's— he'll be fine."

But the thought didn't soothe him.

His thoughts were no longer thoughts, they were fixations.

Words echoed through his skull — Wemmbu's name, over and over, like a pulse.

Flame staggered forward, chest heaving. His body felt wrong. Too cold. Too empty. Too far.

Like he had been carved out.

Like something had been ripped from him.

He gripped the wall, whispering through clenched teeth:

"Where are you...?"

A sharp, tearing ache right beneath his ribs, as if something inside him was screaming to go to Wemmbu now — now, before something happened, before he slipped away, before the world swallowed him whole.

His breath quickened with a panic he didn't understand.

'He needs me.'

'He needs me.'

'He needs me.'

The thought of someone else standing too close to Wemmbu turned Flame's stomach into fire.

And the thought of someone hurting him—

Flame's fingers twitched toward his sword.

He didn't trust the way that felt.

He didn't trust himself.

He shut his eyes, inhaling shakily. "This isn't me," he whispered. "I don't— I'm not—"

'I need to see him.'

'I need to make sure he's okay.'

'I need to—'

He was snapped out of his thoughts when he heard a phantom shriek in the sky. Almost immediately, he looked up and a phantom was already diving its way towards FlameFrag, ready to strike.

In a blink of an eye, the phantom fell to the ground—disintegrating into ashes as the remaining of its body burned into a crisp.

Flame stiffened, instincts flaring violently.

He released a frustrated sigh, running a hand to comb his hair.

With a grumble, he threw himself back into his training, fighting phantoms alone under the moonlight.

But even then— as sweat dripped down his jaw and with his body begging him to rest—

His heart betrayed him.

Because when he swung his blade, all he could imagine was Wemmbu's laugh echoing in the air.

When the wind brushed against his cheek, he imagined it carrying the scent of lavender that always clung to the demon.

When he paused to catch his breath, he imagined Wemmbu sitting beside him, poking fun at his exhausted gasps—

"Bro, you sound like an asthmatic dog."

He squeezed his eyes shut and his chest ached.

Distance was supposed to make it easier.

It didn't.

It made him realize how much of his world had become empty without a certain someone.

And with that, it only made him realize just how much of his world had become wrapped up in someone he was now trying to run from.

...

Days passed before the panic subsided enough for Wemmbu to breathe normally again.

EggChan had set up his station in the corner, brewing new batches of potions "just in case," though Wemmbu suspected he was doing it partly to avoid hovering like a worried parent.

Wemmbu sat at the small table in the center of the room, twirling the antidote bottle between his fingers.

Its soft blue glow reflected across his eyes.

He couldn't help but notice the growing pain in his chest as he realized the longer Flame stayed away, the tighter the pain in his chest grew.

EggChan peeked over the room. "You're staring at that bottle like it just cursed at you."

Wemmbu frowned. "...Shut up."

"You've been doing it for an hour."

"Egg, I swear—"

"An hour, Wem."

Wemmbu slammed the bottle down and groaned. "WHAT IF—" he snapped, ears flushing, "—what if he thinks I don't care?"

EggChan blinked slowly. "He... probably does think that."

"Egg—!"

"You literally told him his feelings weren't real," EggChan reminded gently. "And then you ran. He might be... confused. Hurt."

Wemmbu buried his face in his hands. "I didn't mean to hurt him." His voice trembled.

"I know you didn't," EggChan said softly. "But intent doesn't erase impact."

Silence pressed in around them and Wemmbu's tail curled around his leg like a defensive reflex.

"I just..." he whispered, voice small, "I didn't want him saying things he'd regret."

EggChan watched him for a long moment, then he set down his potion bottle and sat across from him.

"Wemmbu."

Wemmbu reluctantly lifted his eyes and EggChan leaned forward.

"What about you?"

Wemmbu froze. "What do you mean?"

"What are your feelings in all this?"

Wemmbu stiffened immediately, ears flattening. "I— I don't know."

"Liar," EggChan said plainly.

Wemmbu sputtered. "I— I— EXCUSE ME???"

"You know exactly what you feel," EggChan continued. "You're just scared of admitting it. Scared that if you do, it's going to make things real."

Wemmbu's throat tightened. "Bro might just be the mind reader." He joked, ignoring how his voice broke.

His hands trembled around the antidote bottle and with a frown, he turned away.

"Whatever bro, I'm not having this conversation."

"Yes," EggChan said, firm, "you are."

Wemmbu squeezed his eyes shut and he could feel the pressure building in his shoulders.

The memories that kept playing without his permission.

Flame's voice breaking when he told him to be careful.

The way Flame's eyes softened when they weren't fighting.

The warmth that lingered after Flame pulled him from the lava.

The stupid amethyst charm that until now he still wears.

The way Flame looked at him like he was—

like he was someone worth caring about.

Wemmbu swallowed painfully.

"I don't know what's real anymore," he whispered. "I don't know if any of it meant anything. I don't know if he—"

He couldn't finish the sentence.

EggChan leaned back, his pristine white wings ruffling.

"Then maybe," he said gently, "you need to talk to him. Ask him. Let him drink the antidote and figure out the truth together."

Wemmbu looked down at the bottle in his hands.

The antidote shimmered and he could see his reflection wavering in the glow.

"...What if he doesn't come back?" Wemmbu whispered.

EggChan reached out and placed a hand over his. "Then you go to him?"

Wemmbu didn't respond.

The truth pressed against his ribs so tightly it felt like it would crack him open any minute now.

And as much as he wants to deny it, to say it's false, to say that it's just the lack of sleep—

He missed Flame.

More than he wanted to admit.

More than he believed he was allowed to admit.

And that scared him.

...

Three weeks had crawled by like years, and Flame finally collapsed onto his bed—not because sleep beckoned, but because his body had surrendered to sheer exhaustion. Muscles ached, his head throbbed, and yet his mind refused to be quiet.

He lay there, staring at the ceiling as if it held answers. His jaw was locked tight, teeth grinding against the silence.

"Distance," he reminded himself. "Just until I figure out what's real."

And yet his thoughts drifted.

To a certain purple-haired demon, to someone with stubborn smirks and to a laugh that made his stomach twist.

His fingers curled into the sheets.

"...Was any of it real anyway?" His voice cracked.

The sound of his own voice cracked something inside him. He hated this—hated the doubt gnawing at his sanity, hated the way it hollowed him out. He hated how much he cared, how much he missed someone who had become the architect of his mental collapse.

He hated that every time he closed his eyes,

He saw Wemmbu.

And the awful, undeniable truth seeped in—

Detaching wasn't making the feelings fade.

It was making them stronger, with the voices getting violent each passing day without Wemmbu.

He clung to the illusion of control, even as it blurred at the edges. Because the longer he held out, the more his feelings twisted into something else—something that felt less like longing and more like a prison.

And what terrified him most was the realization that he was willing to stay locked inside that prison rather than face the reality waiting beyond its bars.

...

Wemmbu didn't remember falling asleep.

One moment he was staring at the antidote bottle like it held the answers to every mistake he'd ever made and the next he jolted awake to the sound of clattering glass.

He sat up sharply, heart racing—

but it was only EggChan, knocking over a stack of potion bottles.

"Morning," Egg mumbled groggily, rubbing his eyes. "Or... whatever

time it is." He said, looking at the netherrack walls around them.

Wemmbu stretched, bones cracking. "How long," he rasped, "has it been?"

Egg paused, glancing at the brewing stand glowing with new potions. "Four weeks."

...Four weeks.

"And he hasn't come even once," Wemmbu said, voice a brittle whisper. "That's not like him at all."

"That's because it was never him to begin with." Egg replied, yawning. "It's the potion messing with his head."

Wemmbu's fingers curled into the blanket.

He didn't want to admit it out loud, but the ache building behind his ribs was unmistakable.

He missed Flame.

He missed the arguments, the usual bickering and the stupid clownery they made of each other.

The way they would always find a reason to be close—

Yet they would always pretend it was for some tactical reason.

Wemmbu's throat tightened.

What if he'd run away from something genuine?

His tail flicked anxiously as he stood, pacing the room.

Egg watched him for a moment, then sighed.

"...You're gonna go look for him, right?"

Wemmbu froze.

Did he want to?

Yes.

Did he dare?

Hell no.

If Flame saw him first, what then?

Would he be angry?

Cold?

Confused?

Would he look at him like he was a stranger?

Would he... look at him with those soft eyes again?

Wemmbu shook his head hard, clearing his thoughts.

"I don't know."

...

Flame sat on the floor of his base, back against the wall, knees drawn up like he was physically trying to contain the chaos inside him.

He hadn't trained today.

Hadn't done anything except spiral.

He twirled a broken arrow between his fingers— the same arrow he'd shot near Wemmbu during their fight.

The memory stabbed at him like a blade.

"Idiot," he muttered to himself. "He probably thinks I hate him."

He dropped his head against his knees.

He didn't hate him.

Hate is a strong word.

And he hates how every time he tried to detach, tried to push away the thoughts, something pulled him back—

A memory,

A stupid laugh,

A fight that ended with both of them panting and smiling in adrenaline,

A moment when Flame's heart beat too fast and he didn't understand why.

Potion or not...

Those moments felt real.

But there was still a voice whispering inside his head and he stopped when a question popped up in his head.

'But what if that was the potion talking?'

What if he was just under the influence of something artificial?

What if his brain was lying to him?

He's now struggling to figure out when his thoughts end and when the potion starts.

His chest tightened, anxiety curling in his stomach like a tightening knot.

He needed clarity.

He needed to talk to Wemmbu.

He needed answers.

Flame pulled himself to his feet slowly, legs shaking. He pulled out his comms and once it's all loaded up, his and Egg's chat appeared on the screen.

A set of cords was sent from the other party a week ago.

He walked towards the doors and when he stepped outside— his body instinctively froze.

The world stretched out before him.

He started walking, ignoring the elytra that was taunting him in his inventory.

He didn't run.

Didn't sprint like before.

And most importantly, he didn't let instinct take control.

He walked slowly, every breath felt heavy, almost like walking through fog.

He didn't know what he'd say when he got there and he didn't know how Wemmbu would look at him.

He didn't know if there was something that could fix this mess—

or break everything.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE SUPPORT HELLO???

your comments ignites my motivation even more to continue this
fic thank you so much oml y'all might just be the goat yo <333

Chapter 11: COLLISION

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

CHAPTER ELEVEN: COLLISION

"Egg." Wemmbu called out from their storage room, rummaging from chest to chest.

From outside, he heard Egg respond faintly. With an exasperated huff, Wemmbu slammed a chest shut and strode out of the room.

"We're out of food."

"Huh?" Egg looked up from his book, blinking.

"Didn't we have still have some porkchops?"

"You cooked the last one last night," Wemmbu paused. "I think."

"Oh." Egg then glanced at his comms and turned to face Wemmbu. "We still have some supplies back at the base."

Wemmbu visibly shrunk at the idea. "I can kill some hoglins."

Egg groaned, turning the page to his book. "I'm getting tired of the

taste of porkchops bro, I want other food."

"I could find some gapples for you?"

"Or," Egg said, not looking up, "you could go to the overworld and grab our stash."

"I—what? That's the stupidest—why me though? Why don't *you* go?"

"Because I don't know how to fight bro." Egg then gave another glance at his comms, *'he's probably already on his way.'*

"And what if I get jumped? And held hostage again? What then?" Egg resisted the urge to grin at his protests.

Wemmbu frowned, knowing damn well that Egg was just guilt-tripping him at this point.

But he did kind of owe Egg one for making the antidote for him...

"I—we both know that's bullshit, but okay."

Wemmbu placed his ender chest and started rummaging through it.

Egg smiled victoriously and turned the page once more.

He paused when he read the contents of the page. It was the page where he found the love potion's ingredient. Curious, he began to read.

Amor Elixir

Draft

Once consumed, this elixir will mend any physical wounds, thanks to its base—a regeneration potion. Symbolically, it represents the healing of broken hearts.

Its primary effect mimics that of a love potion: the drinker becomes deeply drawn to the presence of another, exhibiting clingy and affectionate behavior. While the regenerative properties remain, expect side effects similar to standard healing brews—rapid wound closure, mild dizziness, and migraine-like symptoms.

Warning: *Exercise caution. Upon drinking, you will immediately imprint on the first person you see, creating an intense emotional bond that may be difficult to break.*

And below the text was the list of ingredient needed to create the said potion.

Not paying any mind to it, he turned the page.

Amor Elixir's *effect is that of a love-struck person and just like love, the effect also continues to develop as time goes on.*

Stage 1

Warmth blooms in the drinker's veins the moment the elixir is swallowed. Torn flesh and broken bones knit together as if time itself rewinds. Yet, alongside this physical renewal comes a subtle pull—a sense of comfort and familiarity toward the first person in sight. Their presence feels magnetic, a quiet gravity that draws the drinker closer. At this stage, the feeling is tender, almost innocent: a desire to linger, to share a smile, to stay near without reason.

Egg froze.

"THERE'S STAGES???"

Wemmbu jumped at the sudden outburst, tearing his attention from the ender chest to Egg, who sat rigid at the table, sweating.

"What stages?" Wemmbu stood up, walking towards Egg.

Wemmbu read the page as Egg started sweating. "I swear I never knew there were stages—"

After reading the page, Wemmbu froze as well. His face drained of color.

"Egg." Wemmbu's voice was stern and cold.

Egg didn't respond. He knew he'd messed up—creating something even the book's original author hadn't fully understood.

Instead, he turned the page once more.

Stage 2

Warmth blooms in the drinker's veins the moment the elixir is swallowed. Torn flesh and broken hearts knit together as if time itself rewinds. Yet, alongside this physical renewal comes a subtle pull—a sense of comfort and familiarity toward the first person in sight. Their presence feels magnetic, a quiet gravity that draws the drinker closer. At this stage, the feeling is tender, almost innocent: a desire to linger, to share a smile, to stay near without reason.

Egg swallowed hard, his grip tightening on the book. "Oh no..."

Wemmbu's jaw clenched as he read over Egg's shoulder. "Egg. Tell me you didn't—"

"I didn't mean to!" Egg blurted, voice cracking. "I thought it was just a healing potion with a twist! I didn't know it had—stages!"

"Oh my god—" Wemmbu combed a hand through his hair, groaning. "Egg. You've created a ticking time bomb."

Stage 3

The warmth settles into a steady hum beneath the skin, but the heart begins to race whenever the imprinted person is near. Thoughts drift toward them unbidden, and absence feels strangely hollow. The drinker seeks excuses to remain close—conversation, shared tasks, even idle company. Affection blooms like a shy flower, and with it comes the first signs of craving: the need to hear their voice, to feel their presence, to know they are safe.

Before Wemmbu could finish—Egg stood up, trying to block Wemmbu's view from the book. "It's okay! We have the antidote! Everything will be fine!"

"Egg—" Wemmbu then snatched the book, raising it above Egg's head and began reading from where they left off.

Stage 4

By now, the tether is undeniable. The drinker's mind circles endlessly around the imprinted one, and separation gnaws like hunger. Anxiety creeps in when distance grows, manifesting as headaches and restless pacing. Affection deepens into attachment, and with attachment comes protectiveness. The drinker begins to hover, offering help before it's asked, watching for signs of discomfort, and bristling when others draw too close. The bond feels sacred—fragile yet unbreakable.

"WHY WOULD YOU EVEN MAKE THIS?!"

"It was for an experiment!"

"WHO WOULD YOU EVEN USE IT FOR?!"

"I was going to test it on hostile mobs to see if there's a better way to tame them!"

"THAT IS THE DUMBEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD."

Wemmbu continued reading despite Egg's protests and his failed attempts at getting the book.

Stage 5

At the final stage, devotion eclipses reason. The drinker's identity feels fused with the imprinted one, as if their existence depends on proximity. Separation is agony—physical, emotional, spiritual. Jealousy burns bright, and protectiveness turns feral. They will confront, manipulate, even destroy perceived threats without hesitation. To the drinker, the imprinted person is not just beloved—they are everything. And in that truth lies the potion's most dangerous power.

Just as Wemmbu finished reading the final stage, Egg snatched the book.

"Egg, what stage is Flame in?"

Egg was quiet for a moment.

"I have no idea."

Wemmbu's expression darkened. "You don't know?"

"I didn't know okay?!" Egg's voice cracked, panic bleeding through. "I thought—look, the potion was supposed to heal him! That's all! I didn't know it would—"

"Stages, Egg." Wemmbu slammed his palm against the table, making Egg flinch. "You didn't know there were stages, and now Flame could be anywhere between clingy and full-blown feral!"

"We have the antidote!" Egg shot back, trying to deescalate the situation.

"Yeah and this *antidote* of yours better work."

With that, Wemmbu grabbed his stuff and left the hidden base, slamming the door shut as he traverse his way to the nearest nether portal.

...

The antidote vial shimmered faintly in Wemmbu's hand as he wrapped it in cloth and tucked it safely into his inventory. His palms were sweating—ridiculous, considering he had fought monsters, survived inescapable prisons, traps and had even beaten the dragon itself.

And yet the thought of seeing Flame again?

That nearly made his knees give out.

After Wemmbu had lashed out at Egg, he stomped his way back to the overworld and back to their base to retrieve their supply.

He soared in the air, watching the canopies above as he checked his cords before diving down to land.

The forest path was quiet, save for the soft rustle of his cloak and the sound of his footsteps. The sun filtered through the leaves, painting shifting golden patches across the ground.

It wasn't supposed to get complicated.

It wasn't supposed to feel like someone had reached into his chest and rearranged every emotion he thought he understood.

He rubbed his temple with a groan.

...

Flame stood outside Wemmbu's base, the cords glowing faintly on his screen. His hands were shoved deep into his pockets, fingers curling and uncurling like restless snakes. He hadn't reached out to Wemmbu.

Not since the confession at The End.

Not since the words had slipped past his lips like a blade drawn too fast.

He was afraid—terrified—of what the potion would do if he even came close to a certain purple-haired demon.

The forest around him whispered secrets he didn't want to hear. Every rustle sounded like footsteps. Every shadow felt like eyes. He shifted his weight, scanning the treeline, heart pounding against his ribs.

He tried knocking and just as he expected, no response were initiated.

He tried twisting the doorknob just to see if it's unlocked and to his surprise, it is.

He pushed the door open and invited himself in, scanning the room for any signs of life.

'Is Wemmbu even here?' He wanted to ask Egg as he check every room to see if either Wemmbu or Egg is in it.

"Egg?" His voice barely rose above a whisper, as if speaking too loud might summon something he wasn't ready to face.

No answer. Just the hum of redstone somewhere deep in the walls, pulsing faintly like a heartbeat.

He checked the kitchen—empty. The crafting room—empty. Each door he opened felt like peeling back layers of dread. Until he reached the last one.

The door to Wemmbu and Egg's shared room.

He opened the door and—

He froze as he heard the front door open and footsteps entered the base.

Almost immediately, he entered their shared room and waited to pounce.

...

Wemmbu's boots hit the wooden steps of the base, the sound echoing like a warning bell. His inventory felt heavier than usual, though he knew it was just his nerves twisting reality. He paused as he entered the base, fingers brushing the antidote vial through the fabric of his cloak.

Sighing, he went straight to their kitchen and started rummaging through their stash as he transfer them to his inventory.

Wemmbu stacked the last of the golden apples into his inventory, his movements sharp and deliberate, like each click could cut through the storm brewing in his chest.

He exhaled slowly, forcing his heartbeat to steady, but the silence of the base pressed in like a weight.

He froze, fingers hovering over the chest latch. The hum of redstone was still there—soft, rhythmic—but he could feel the shift in the air.

Someone is here.

Then, the front door slammed shut.

Wemmbu spun around at the sharp slam of the front door.

He hadn't locked that.

He knew he hadn't locked that.

His hand flew to his inventory and equipped the nearest weapon he could reach, a netherite sword.

The one Flame gifted him.

And speaking of the devil,

Flame was standing in front of the door, gripping the handle as if daring it to move.

"Flame—?" Wemmbu whispered, startled.

He was the last person he wanted to see today. Instinctively, Wemmbu stepped back. "H-Hey— what are you doing here—"

"You're not leaving." Flame's voice cracked like a flint. "Not until we talk."

The intensity made Wemmbu's breath stutter. "Flame, listen— I didn't know you were—"

"No," Flame snapped. "You listen."

He planted himself in front of the only exit, jaw tight, hands trembling, eyes burning with betrayal and something far more dangerous.

"You made a potion," Flame said, stepping closer. "You made something that messed with my head. With my feelings. With— me."

Wemmbu wanted to flinch, but he held his ground.

"I didn't make it," Wemmbu said sharply. "Egg did."

Flame barked a dry laugh. "Oh, great— so I was a lab rat by accident.

That's so much better."

"That's not—"

"You splashed me with it."

Wemmbu's stomach twisted painfully. '*So he finally caught on.*'

Flame's voice dropped to a bitter undertone. "You let me trust you."

Wemmbu froze. "That's not fair."

"No?" Flame's eyes flashed. "Because it sure feels like I was part of some experiment you two were too stupid to understand."

Wemmbu's temper spiked. "I didn't know that was love potion to begin with! I thought it was just a regular regeneration potion! I didn't know it would... *do this to you!*"

Flame scoffed. "But you knew something was wrong."

Silence enveloped the both of them like an embrace and Wemmbu swallowed hard, looking away.

Flame stepped closer, the heat rolling off him like fire. "You kept your distance after The End. You didn't talk to me. You didn't even come to explain.. You left me—" His voice cracked. "—alone. While my mind was tearing itself apart."

Wemmbu's throat tightened. "Flame..."

Flame's hand twitched. "Do you know what it feels like?" His voice broke, rage boiling beneath his calm demeanor. "It's like drowning," Flame whispered shakily. "Like something in my chest is clawing to get to you. Like breathing hurts if you're not in the room. Like—"

He clenched his jaw, looking away.

"Like I'm not even me anymore."

Wemmbu's hands curled into fists, guilt washing over him. "That's why I'm trying to fix it."

Flame snapped his head up.

"Fix it?" he repeated, voice suddenly sharp. "You think you can just fix it and walk away? Like none of this— none of what I felt— mattered?"

"It's not real, Flame!" Wemmbu snarled. "It's the potion!"

Flame froze, *'The potion...'* he repeated. *'is it still the potion?'*

Flame stared at him like he'd been hit.

Wemmbu opened his mouth to backtrack, but the words flooded out

instead—

raw, frantic, and trembling. "I was scared, okay?!"

Flame blinked.

Wemmbu exhaled shakily, voice cracking as he continued. "I— I didn't know what to do. I didn't know if your feelings were real or not. And when you... when you looked at me like that—"

Flame's breath hitched.

"—it felt good." Wemmbu whispered. "Too good."

Flame froze completely.

"I liked it," Wemmbu admitted in a choked whisper. "I liked the attention. I liked how close you got. I liked how you looked at me like I mattered— like I wasn't just some annoying rival or idiot teammate."

His voice shook. "But it wasn't right," he whispered. "It wasn't yours. And that terrified me."

"So I wanted to fix it," Wemmbu continued. "Because if— if any part of you ever felt something real for me, I didn't want it... tainted."

Flame stepped closer, slowly.

"So you ran," he said quietly. "To punish yourself?"

Wemmbu swallowed, he didn't answer but nodded anyways and the tension snapped like an overstretched string.

"I was scared," He continued, "Scared that if I stayed too long, I'd be too far gone to even fix my own mistake."

"I was scared to lose to my own greed."

Flame scowled in return, huffing in amusement. "And did you even think for a second what I felt?" Flame murmured. "Wemmbu, I feel like—"

His voice broke completely.

"I feel like I'm losing my mind."

Wemmbu's heart twisted. "...I know."

In the corner of his eyes, he could see the antidote glimmering in his inventory but he didn't pull it out.

Flame dragged a hand down his face, "I keep replaying everything in my head. Every moment. Every look. Every time you pulled away like touching me would burn you."

His laugh was jagged, humorless. "And I wondered—was it because you hated me? Or because you were scared I'd notice you liked it?"

Wemmbu's breath faltered. "Flame—"

"No. Let me talk."

Flame's voice cracked sharply, but he wasn't yelling anymore.

He was unraveling.

"Do you have any idea what it feels like?" Flame continued, words tumbling out faster, unfettered. "To look at someone and know something is wrong inside you? To feel like your brain is twisting every thought until it all becomes them?"

Wemmbu's chest tightened painfully.

Flame stepped closer, close enough that Wemmbu could feel the tremor in his hands.

"It's like..." His voice wavered. "It's like loving you is the only thing keeping me breathing. And at the same time—"

He swallowed hard. "—it feels like it's killing me."

Wemmbu shut his eyes for a second, because the honesty in Flame's voice was like a knife.

Flame's jaw clenched. "And you think that doesn't terrify me? You think I wanted this?"

"I never said—"

"You didn't have to" Flame snapped, frustration tightening every syllable. "You ran from me like I was some monster. Like you couldn't even stand the idea of being around me."

Wemmbu's eyes snapped open. "That's not true!"

"Isn't it?!" Flame fired back. "Every time I reached out—every time I tried to talk—you pushed me away! You vanished! You left me alone with... with this—" He pressed a fist to his chest as if trying to hold something inside. "With something that feels like it's swallowing me whole."

Wemmbu took a shaky step forward. "I left because I didn't want to take advantage of you!"

Flame stared like he didn't expect that.

Wemmbu's voice shook, words spilling before he could stop them. "You think I didn't want to *stay*? You think I didn't want to answer you? I wanted to—so badly I thought I'd choke." His breath hitched. "But every time I got near you, I couldn't tell what was real and what was potion. And that scared me more than anything else ever has."

Flame blinked rapidly, his guard faltering.

Wemmbu continued, words trembling. "I didn't run because I hated you. I ran because everything you did—everything you said—felt like something I'd dreamed about wanting."

His voice dropped to a whisper. "And I didn't know if it was true."

Flame inhaled sharply.

"And the worst part?" Wemmbu's throat tightened. "A part of me didn't care."

The silence after that was thick enough to suffocate.

"A part of me didn't care whether if it's the potion talking or you." Wemmbu took a shaky breath, "Because as much as I hate to admit it—I loved the attention. "

He could feel blood dripping from his fist as his claws dig to his own skin and Flame fell silent.

Flame's voice, when it came, was hoarse. "Then why does it sound like you regret everything?"

"Because I do!" Wemmbu snapped, and Flame flinched. "Because I didn't stop it. Because I didn't think. Because I didn't protect you from something that hurt you."

Wemmbu's voice broke, softer now. "I tend to act before I think, don't I?" A huff.

Flame's expression shifted—pain, confusion, fury, affection—all at once.

"And what about me?" Flame whispered, looking down, shoulders trembling. "Do you know how pathetic I felt? Sitting alone in that damn house waiting for you to knock? Checking comms every ten minutes? Hoping you'd show up just so my chest would stop hurting for five seconds?"

"I thought," Flame said quietly, "if I saw you again, it would stop. That it would feel... right."

His voice quivered. "It doesn't. It feels like I'm breaking apart."

Wemmbu stepped toward him, voice trembling. "Flame—"

Flame finally met his eyes, and something inside him snapped completely.

"You said the feelings aren't mine." Flame's voice shook. "But they feel like mine."

Wemmbu's breath faltered. "And if they aren't," Flame whispered, "why do they hurt so much?"

The room suddenly felt too small, too cramped. As if there was no exit

to run.

Wemmbu swallowed hard, eyes burning from stopping the tears from rolling out. "I'm trying to fix it!"

Flame's voice was barely a breath. "And what if I don't want it to stop?"

Wemmbu froze. "What are you—"

Flame squeezed his eyes shut. "What if losing these feelings hurts worse than keeping them?"

Wemmbu felt his throat close. "...Then we'll deal with that too."

Flame's gaze lifted—raw, pleading. "Together?"

Wemmbu nodded, voice cracking. "*Together.*"

For a brief moment, Flame's shoulders sagged in relief. His breath shallow, as if every inhale scraped against the jagged edges inside his chest. Relief felt good—brief, fleeting relief—like a fragile ember flickering in a storm.

But beneath it, the ache remained, raw and relentless, gnawing at him with a hunger that words could never satisfy.

He wanted to believe Wemmbu's promise. Together. The word sounded like salvation, but it also felt like a lie he desperately needed to cling to. His shoulders sagged, not from peace, but from exhaustion—the kind that seeps into bone, the kind that comes after too many nights staring at empty walls, replaying conversations that never happened.

His fingers twitched at his sides, aching to reach out, to anchor himself to something real before the storm inside swallowed him whole. But fear held him still—the fear that if he touched Wemmbu, the illusion would shatter, and he'd be left with nothing but the echo of his own longing.

"Then don't walk away again," he whispered. "Please. I can't—Wemmbu, I can't take you leaving again."

Wemmbu's voice came out as a shudder. "I won't."

Wemmbu had never been the kind of person to offer empty assurances. Promises, to him, were weighty things—anchors meant to hold fast, not words tossed into the wind. Yet, for reasons he couldn't fully name, this one felt different.

It burned in his chest like a vow carved into stone, a truth he was determined to make real no matter how impossible it seemed. Failure wasn't an option, not this time. Not with Flame looking at him like that.

Neither spoke at first. Words felt dangerous, like sparks in a room soaked with gasoline.

Finally, Flame broke the silence, his voice sharp enough to cut through the air.

"You say that and get you look at me like I'm someone else."

Wemmbu's throat tightened. "I don't know what to believe anymore."

Flame looked away, he cannot blame Wemmbu for feeling that way.

"I'm still me." Flame convinces, "Or at least... I'm trying to be."

"Then why does it feel like the Flame I know is slipping away?" The words left faster than he thought.

"Don't answer that." Wemmbu quickly adds. "None of this is okay bro." He released a saddened laugh.

Flame's jaw clenched, hurt flickering across his expression even as he nodded stiffly. "Yeah," he murmured, voice low. "None of this is okay."

Flame's hands dropped, fingers trembling. "I miss you," he said—and Wemmbu flinched like the words were a physical blow. "Not the way I should. Not... not the way I used to."

Wemmbu swallowed hard. "I know."

"No, you don't." Flame's voice cracked painfully. "It's not missing you like I miss a friend or a teammate. It's missing you like— like I can't breathe unless I hear your voice. Like every second you're gone stretches me thinner until it hurts to stand."

His voice softened into something raw and helpless. "And I know it's the potion. I know. But it still feels like my heart."

Wemmbu pressed his lips together to keep from crumbling. "Flame... that's exactly why we need the antidote."

Flame stiffened. His eyes dropped to the floor, shoulders bunching. "Yeah." Flame's laugh was a broken exhale. "Right. To fix it. *Fix me.*"

Wemmbu blinked, startled. "No—Flame, that's not—"

"You think I don't notice?" Flame lifted his head, gaze glassy. "You've been holding that antidote like it's a loaded weapon."

Wemmbu was a bit taken aback as he didn't even realized he was already holding the antidote, gripping it as if it's a weapon. Gritting his teeth, frustrated. With a glare in his face, he stepped forward.

Slow, careful and consistent steps approached Flame.

Wemmbu then lifted a hand. Stopped an inch from Flame's cheek. "Look at me."

"You are not broken" Wemmbu said quietly. "You're overwhelmed. Hurt. Confused. And that's my fault. Not yours."

Flame's breath hitched. "And I'm not going to erase anything,"

Wemmbu continued. "I'm going to help you find yourself again."

Flame swallowed. "Even if... if the feelings go away?"

And for the first time since their conversation started, Wemmbu's voice was steady.

"Even then."

Chapter End Notes

should I add "lost cause duo" on the tags now too

Chapter 12: BAD HABITS

Chapter Summary

As Flame and Wemmbu's confusing relationship develops, Flame finds out a weird habit of Wemmbu's that has him concerned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

CHAPTER TWELVE: BAD HABITS

Wemmbu yawned, walking towards their kitchen and opening a chest.

Now that the issue has been solved (*is it?*), he and Egg moved back to their original base.

He yawned, walking towards their kitchen and opening a chest.

Egg was cooking breakfast, it seems. When he heard Wemmbu walk in, he spared a quick glance and immediately noticed Wemmbu's eyes.

They were unfocused, slipping. He swayed on his heels, posture slackening in that specific way Egg had only seen a handful of times before. Like a cat sitting upright that suddenly forgot it was doing that.

"We have a bed, by the way." Egg said, looking back at the bacon that he was cooking.

"Mmhm?" Wemmbu hummed, grabbing a golden carrot and taking a

bite out of it. Eyes unfocused.

Wemmbu had been out of it lately, ever since their talk.

Egg had been noticing his behavior lately. Always looking for Flame, messaging him in his comms, and of course– every time his mouth would open, it's all about Flame.

Egg's starting to wonder whether it was Wemmbu who had drank the potion or if it was Flame.

It took every ounce of strength Egg had not to slap his hand to Wemmbu's mouth to shut him up the moment it opened.

Egg knew Wemmbu felt bad about the whole situation, and he can see the efforts Wemmbu puts into making it up to Flame.

There was one time Wemmbu told him that he'll be out running errands.

Egg happened to also need a few materials to renovate their base so he also went out an hour after Wemmbu had gone out.

He was soaring into the sky before spotting a clearing and two people in it. He wouldn't have cared if the people didn't look familiar to him, especially a certain purple-haired demon.

He tucked his porcelain white wings behind him as he landed on a thick branch, watching the two love birds.

Egg expected them to be sparring, or fighting or arguing or something.

Nothing could've prepared him for the sight before him.

Lo and behold, the two were painting their shields together.

Painting.

They were bickering, as always. Arguing how the color the other picked sucked, and on how the other sucks at drawing.

'Totally normal.' Egg noted, before flying away.

There was also a time where Egg woke up to the sound of something porcelain breaking.

He scrambled out of his bed, noting that the bed next to him was empty before running to their kitchen with a sword in hand.

He stopped in his tracks when he reached the kitchen.

There, in his precious kitchen was Flame and Wemmbu.

Flame was holding a bowl of cereal in his left hand, it was raised up in the air as his free hand grabbed a fistful of Wemmbu's hair who was trying to claw his way up to the cereal.

The both of them froze when they became aware of Egg's presence.

"Genuinely, what is happening."

Before Wemmbu could speak, Flame beat him to it.

"He wanted to make you breakfast but he didn't know how to cook so he called me over."

"Okay so- half of that is true and half of it wasn't."

Flame looked down at Wemmbu and flicked his forehead, Wemmbu emitted a pained sound as he backed away and rubbed his forehead.

"You tried deep frying cereal."

"How am I supposed to know it wasn't supposed to be cooked that way--"

"It's cereal, Wemmbu. You don't cook cereal."

Egg never had wanted to facepalm so hard before his entire life.

This is why he was the only one allowed in their kitchen.

Egg pinched the bridge of his nose and inhaled slowly. Counted to five. Considered murder.

"Out," Egg said flatly, pointing toward the door. "Both of you. Before I permanently ban you from interacting with food."

Wemmbu opened his mouth.

"No," Egg added immediately. "You've spoken enough today."

Flame snorted, carefully setting the cereal bowl down before nudging Wemmbu away by the shoulder. "C'mon, Master Chef. We're leaving."

Egg thought that was it.

Two incidents were already more than enough proof that something was going on—something deeply stupid, mildly domestic, and profoundly Wemmbu-coded.

He really hoped it would stop there.

It did not.

The third time happened by accident.

Egg hadn't meant to spy. He was simply returning from gathering resources—stone, redstone, the boring responsible stuff that kept the base from collapsing in on itself.

He landed quietly near the perimeter.

And then he heard voices.

Close.

Too close to be outside the base. Not arguing loudly—no yelling, no explosions, no immediate threat.

That alone was suspicious.

Egg crept forward, peeking past the doorway—

—and froze.

Wemmbu and Flame were sitting on the floor of the storage room.

Together.

Not touching-touching, but close enough that their knees brushed whenever one of them shifted. Chests were open around them, items scattered messily because neither of them apparently knew how to put anything back correctly.

Flame was holding a map.

Wemmbu was leaning over his shoulder.

"No, you're reading it upside down," Wemmbu said, pointing.

"It's symmetrical," Flame argued.

"It's literally not."

Flame squinted harder. "Then why does it look the same?"

"Because you're bad at directions."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Flame said, elbowing him lightly, "didn't you once get lost in a desert for three days?"

"I was exploring."

"Okay, whatever you say bro."

Egg stared.

Wemmbu shifted again, clearly tired, and without thinking—

leaned sideways.

Straight into Flame's shoulder.

Egg felt his soul leave his body.

Flame stiffened for exactly half a second.

Then... relaxed.

He didn't shove him away nor snapped, just adjusted his posture so Wemmbu wouldn't slide off.

Wemmbu blinked, registering what he'd done far too late. "—Oh. Uh. Sorry."

He started to pull away when Flame cleared his throat. "It's... fine."

Wemmbu hesitated before slowly going back in place once more, making himself comfortable.

Egg quietly leaned back out of sight, pressing a hand over his mouth.

Oh.

They weren't spiraling nor exploding with fights, they were doing the one thing Wemmbu had never done before.

Staying.

Not running the moment things get too overwhelming for him nor vanishing the moment it felt too close. Instead, he chose to be present.

With Flame.

Egg exhaled slowly.

"...You idiot," he muttered fondly, shaking his head with a small smile on his face.

Wemmbu wasn't making it up with words, or grand gestures—he was making it up in the dumbest, bravest way possible—

By staying.

By listening.

By leaning in and not pulling away.

Egg straightened, cleared his throat loudly, and stepped into the room.

Both of them jolted.

Wemmbu immediately tried to sit upright and nearly headbutted Flame.

"—Ow!"

"Dude— that lowkey hurts—" Flame said, chuckling as Wemmbu scrambled to stand up.

Egg raised an eyebrow so high it practically reached the ceiling.

"...Am I interrupting something?"

"No!" Wemmbu said too fast.

"Yes," Flame said at the exact same time.

They glared at each other.

Egg smiled.

A slow, knowing, miserable smile.

"I'm grabbing tools," Egg said casually. "Try not to deep-fry anything while I'm gone."

Wemmbu groaned. "Please let that die."

It was clear by now what Wemmbu's objectives were.

Egg turned to put the plates on the table only to find Wemmbu sprawled on the table, his head buried in his arms as he snored lightly.

'It's seven in the morning.' Egg noted.

"Dude. If you're still tired you can sleep." Egg said, startling Wemmbu as he sat upright. Egg took this opportunity to place the food down the open space.

Wemmbu looked down at his plate with sleepy eyes. Bacon and eggs. Yum.

"Can't. I have errands today."

Egg sat down and picked up his utensils, chuckling. "Yeah? Like what? Hanging out with Flame?"

Wemmbu rolled his eyes, stabbing his fork on a piece of bacon. "Yeah, sure. Shut up."

The two of them bickered for a moment before finishing their plates, and Wemmbu left the base after that.

...

Night had draped itself over the base like a heavy cloak, shadows pooling in every corner. The wind whispered against the stone walls, carrying the faint scent of ash and iron. Egg sat on the edge of his bed, staring at the dim glow of the lantern, its light flickering like a heartbeat.

Wemmbu still wasn't home.

Egg sighed. *'Is he with Flame again?'*

He reached for his comms, fingers brushing over the cold metal before pressing into the familiar interface. The screen lit up, pale and sterile

against the dark. Their chat blinked open, empty except for their last conversation.

<EggChan>

dude wya

The words hung there, stark and simple. Egg waited, eyes fixed on the screen, listening for the soft ping that never came.

No answer.

He hummed under his breath, a low sound of irritation and worry tangled together. Wemmbu always replied. Always—unless he was asleep.

Egg froze. *Unless he's asleep.*

Groaning, he pushed himself off the bed, the boards creaking under his weight. His hands moved automatically, gathering supplies—torches, a sword, a few scraps of food—because he knew what came next. He'd done this before. Too many times.

Wemmbu had this strange habit, one Egg could never break him off. The moment exhaustion hit, he'd collapse into the nearest bed—or what passed for one. A patch of grass, a wooden bench, the hollow of a tree. Anything but the actual bed waiting for him back at base.

Egg supposed it was muscle memory, carved deep by years of running. Always moving, always hiding. Even if they did manage to build a base to resemble something that screams safety, it never lasted. A base meant a target and targets burned.

So Wemmbu learned not to trust walls. Learned to sleep where he fell, like a soldier who never stopped marching.

It was a bad habit now. One that gnawed at Egg's sanity. Some nights, Wemmbu wouldn't return at all, and Egg would find himself out in the dark, searching. Always searching. And when he found him—when he finally stumbled across that purple-haired demon curled up in some impossible corner—and for Egg, it was never a relief. It was a reminder.

A reminder that Wemmbu didn't know how to stop running.

Egg tightened the strap on his pack and stepped into the night, the cold biting at his skin. The stars stretched overhead, pale and distant, and the wind carried whispers of something he couldn't name.

He sighed, muttering to himself as he adjusted his grip on the torch. "Where are you this time, Wemmbu?"

...

It had been over an hour since Egg set out to find Wemmbu and so far he hasn't had any luck.

Egg pushed deeper into the forest, the scent of damp earth thick in the air. Shadows stretched long and thin, twisting like claws across the ground. Every rustle made his pulse spike, every whisper of wind a threat.

Finally, a glint caught his eye—a faint shimmer of purple against the dark. Egg slowed, breath hitching, and stepped closer.

There he was.

Wemmbu lay sprawled across the branch of a massive oak, one arm dangling, hair catching the moonlight like spilled ink and his crown lay crooked in his head. His chest rose and fell in slow, even breaths, oblivious to the world below. Egg stared, torn between relief and exasperation.

"Of course," he muttered. "Of course you'd pick a tree."

He set the torch down, its glow pooling weakly at his feet, and craned his neck upward. The branch was high—too high for comfort. Egg groaned, rubbing a hand over his face. "You're going to kill me one of these nights."

He stepped back a good feet away from the torch and spread his wings, the leaves and grass rustled against each other as he flew skyward.

He cringed at the look of the tree, it was covered in mud and moss—

how did he even manage to climb this high?—Egg shook his head, probably with his elytra.

He perched awkwardly beside Wemmbu, glaring at the demon's peaceful face. "Unbelievable," Egg whispered. "We have a bed. A real bed. And you're up here like a damn bird."

Wemmbu didn't stir nor twitch, making Egg sigh.

...

Wemmbu was gone again.

Egg had waited three days this time—three long, silent days—before finally giving in. He'd checked the base twice, scoured the nearby caves, even left food by the usual spots he'd use as a temporary base—treating him like some kind of stray cat that he is.

And now, here he was, chasing shadows under a bleeding sunset.

The Badlands stretched out like a wound under the dying light, its crimson sands whispering secrets to the wind. Egg landed softly, boots sinking into the grit as he scanned the jagged horizon. Flame's base

loomed ahead—a fortress of obsidian and warped nether brick, its silhouette jagged against the bruised sky. Lanterns burned faintly along the walls, their glow fractured by the restless shadows.

Egg landed hard on a ridge, boots crunching against brittle stone. Below, the land stretched like a scar, jagged and endless. He scanned the horizon, muttering under his breath. "If you're in another tree, I swear..."

He knocked on the wooden door, the sound echoing like a hollow drumbeat. For a moment, nothing. Then the door creaked open, spilling warm light across the sand—and Flame stood there.

"Egg?" Egg is the least person Flame expected to show up in his base.

"Is Wemmbu here?" Egg asked, peeking at Flame's shoulder and inside his base.

Flame tilted his head, strands of fiery hair slipping over his shoulder. "Wemmbu?" He blinked slowly, "No... no, he hasn't been here." His tone dipped, a flicker of worry breaking through the haze. "Why? Is he missing?"

"He didn't come home," Egg said, voice clipped. "Two days now."

Flame's expression shifted, the dreamy glaze cracking under a surge of concern. "Two days?" His voice sharpened, urgency bleeding through the sweetness.

Egg exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck. "It's... kind of like him," he admitted. "He has this habit. When he's tired, he just... crashes."

Anywhere. Doesn't matter if it's safe or not."

Flame's jaw tightened, "That's dangerous." He pulled out his comms, "How come he never told me about this?"

Egg raised an eyebrow. "Was he supposed to?"

Flame went rigged, paused before looking away. "No." He cleared his throat, "Have you tried messaging him?"

"Yeah, no reply. It's been two days now." Egg sighed, turning to leave. "Well, thanks anyways. I thought for sure he'll be here—I'm gonna go find him now."

"Wait—" Flame called out, "I'm coming with you."

...

The both of them searched for patterns with Egg leading the search as he knew Wemmbu's sleeping spots best.

Old hideouts. Abandoned ruins. Half-forgotten safe spots from when

home was a temporary illusion.

A low cave near a ravine they once escaped through.

A collapsed mineshaft with scorch marks from a panic-built campfire.

A ridge where Wemmbu once joked about the stars helping him sleep faster.

Each empty place tightened Flame's chest a little more.

By sunset of the second day, Flame stopped talking altogether.

Then Egg froze. "...Flame."

He pointed.

There—hidden behind overgrown vines and messily stacked stone—was a familiar pattern.

It looks like it had been blocked by a player who's in a rush, the cobblestone blocks were placed hastily as it was all over the place just to cover the opening.

Flame was already moving.

They tore the wall down quickly and found themselves speed-walking through a makeshift tunnel that extends for who knows long.

Flame strikes the cobblestone, the stone flying everywhere in pieces as it broke under pressure and—

There he is.

Wemmbu slept suspended between two poles of the abandoned mineshaft that he's in, his cape knotted into a crude hammock. His boots were off. His armor sat folded nearby like he meant to put it back on later.

"...This chungus bro." Egg's voice sounds so done.

Flame speed-walked towards the hammock, looking down at the slumbering demon.

And oh how elegant he looked as he slept...

Flame shook his head, shaking the thoughts away as he examined the other for any injuries.

Sure enough, there was a poorly bandaged wound at his side. Blood long dried and his clothes stained with crimson.

Flame gently tugged the edge of the cape. "Wemmbu."

No response.

"Wemmbu." he said again, sharper now.

Wemmbu stirred. "Mm... five more minutes..."

Egg barked a laugh that came out broken. "Unbelievable."

Flame leaned closer towards the cape? Hammock? "Wemmbu, wake up." He called out, a hand shaking Wemmbu by the shoulder.

"Hmm?" Wemmbu hummed, not opening his eyes.

"You're injured, dumbass." Egg spoke from behind, putting down his ender chest and fetching some regeneration potion and more bandages.

Wemmbu stirred, "Huh?" His voice was hoarse, slowly opening his eyes and looking up at Flame's frowning face.

Flame only sighed, undoing the knot of his makeshift hammock and letting him fall to the ground with a *humpf!*

Egg winced, he was quick to kneel besides Wemmbu who's groaning in pain as he leaned against the stone wall behind him.

"Bro—what'd I do to you?" Wemmbu said, groaning as he leaned himself against the wall.

His voice was deep, hoarse. And Flame had to look away to prevent the other from seeing the pink tint that crawled up to his cheeks.

When Wemmbu finally opened his eyes, he squinted at his surroundings—taking the time to take in the scene before him.

"Egg?" He first recognized.

Flame frowned.

"We have a house, bro." Egg deadpanned.

Wemmbu was quiet for a moment, letting Egg unwrap the messily-done bandage on his torso. He then let out a small "Oh."

Flame let out a huff of a laugh, "What are you even doing here, bro?" He asked, watching with focused eyes as Egg lifted up Wemmbu's shirt—noting that Wemmbu seems to have his purple suit vest discarded somewhere in his inventory, Flame guessed.

Egg then proceeds to clean the wound on Wemmbu's torso, the other barely flinched as he lets Egg do his magic.

"What happened?" Flame started.

Wemmbu took a look at his hunger bar when his stomach ached in hunger, then fished out a golden apple from his inventory and took a

bite, "I was mining when a group of players with netherite armor cornered me." He immediately let out a sigh of relief when the effect of the apple settled in, regaining another heart just above his hot bar. "I could've easily beat them if we weren't in a cave." A huff.

"Why didn't you lead them outside then? That'll give you more space to mace easily." Egg responded, grabbing a roll of bandage as he started to wrap the other's torso in bandage.

"That's what I did!" He exclaimed, immediately regretting when the pain from his lower abdomen hit him. Groaning, he continued, "But then turns out they have back up waiting in the entrance of the cave. I had no choice but to tunnel in here and hide."

"Didn't you have an e-chest?" Flame asked, crossing his arms as he turn to check the nearby walls—checking if there's any players nearby.

"No. I didn't expect to get jumped bro, I was literally just mining." A sigh.

Egg looked at the discarded netherite boots just besides the other's cape. "Maybe because you're wearing netherite, dumbass." Egg then proceeds to playfully punch Wemmbu's shoulders, careful to not hit him anywhere that has a wound or injury.

Wemmbu laughed weakly, then hissed when Egg tightened the bandage just a little too much.

"Ow—okay, okay, I get it, I'm stupid," he muttered.

"Good," Egg said flatly. "Self-awareness is the first step."

Flame crouched in front of him, eyes flicking from the bandage to Wemmbu's face. "You could've died."

The words came out sharper than he intended.

Wemmbu blinked. His lazy grin faded, replaced by something quieter. "Yeah," he said after a moment. "Probably."

Flame's jaw clenched. He hated how casually Wemmbu said it. Like it didn't matter. Like he didn't matter.

Egg finished tying off the bandage and leaned back on his heels. "You don't get to disappear for days like this anymore," he said, voice firm. "Not without telling someone."

Wemmbu shrugged, then immediately winced. "I didn't mean to. I was just... tired."

Flame scoffed. "That's not sleeping. That's collapsing."

Silence followed.

The mineshaft creaked softly around them, wood groaning with age, dust drifting through the lantern light. Wemmbu stared down at his hands, fingers worrying at the edge of his gloves.

"It's easier that way." He admitted quietly.

Flame frowned. “Easier than what?”

Wemmbu hesitated.

Egg watched him carefully. He already knew the answer—but he wanted Flame to hear it.

“Easier than getting back,” Wemmbu said. “It’s easier to sleep through rather than feel the pain while conscious.” he cut himself off with a shrug. “Plus, I don’t get hungry when I sleep.”

Flame’s chest tightened.

He didn’t know how to respond to that.

He stood abruptly. “We’re leaving.”

Egg blinked. “Now?”

“Yes. Now.” Flame turned back to Wemmbu. “Can you walk?”

Wemmbu tested his legs, wobbling slightly before steadying. “Yeah. I’ll live.”

Flame shot him a look.

Wemmbu opened his mouth—then closed it again.

Egg hid his smile behind a cough.

They packed up quickly. Flame insisted on carrying the heavier supplies, refusing to hear protests. When Wemmbu tried to argue, Flame simply grabbed his wrist and shoved the bag into his own inventory instead.

“Why'd you even think that it's a good idea to sleep outside anyway? You guys have a base.”

Wemmbu lit up, as if remembering a crucial piece of information that his brain has been avoiding for the past few months.

“Oh... YEAH! I forgot that it exists.”

Wemmbu then turned to Flame, “Why are YOU even here anyway? I mean, I get why Egg is here but there's absolutely no reason for you to be here.”

He already knows the answer, he just wanted to hear it from Flame.

“Egg told me about your... weird habit.” Flame gave Wemmbu a quick recap before he heard the footsteps stop behind his back.

Wemmbu paused.

Egg suddenly found the small rocks etched into the stone walls *very* interesting.

Flame turned back, irritation ready on his tongue—only to falter when he saw the look on Wemmbu’s face. The bravado was gone. The humor. Left behind was something bare and uncertain.

“Did you come looking for me?” Wemmbu asked softly.

Flame scoffed. “Of course I did.”

“...Even after everything?”

Flame stared at him for a long moment, then sighed. “Even after everything.”

Wemmbu looked away, rubbing at the back of his neck. “Wow, this is really awkward.” He chuckled, a lazy grin pulling up his face. “I mean, I don't do it on purpose if that's what you're curious about. I just... well, collapse.”

Flame stepped closer.

“Then rest.”

Wemmbu froze.

Flame reached out—hesitated—then rested a hand on Wemmbu’s shoulder, grounding, warm. “You don’t have to crash wherever you fall,” he said. “You can come back. You can tell someone. You can—” his grip tightened just a bit, “—tell me.”

Wemmbu’s throat bobbed.

“...I don’t wanna be a burden.”

Flame laughed, sharp and incredulous. “You literally deep-fried cereal.”

“That was one time.”

“Sure.”

Egg snorted. *‘Wow the rock on this stone wall is really interesting.’*

Flame’s expression softened. “You’re not a burden,” he said more quietly. “You’re just bad at resting.”

Wemmbu let out a breath that sounded dangerously close to a laugh—or a sob. “Yeah,” he murmured. “Guess that’s my bad habit, huh?”

Flame nodded. “One of them.”

They resumed walking.

When they reached the surface, dawn was just beginning to bleed into the sky—soft pinks and golds brushing the clouds. The world looked gentler in that light.

Wemmbu slowed.

Flame noticed immediately. “You good?”

Wemmbu nodded, then—without thinking—stepped closer. Close enough that their shoulders brushed.

He didn’t pull away.

Flame stiffened for half a second.

Then stayed.

Egg glanced back, caught the moment, and promptly turned forward again.

Some habits were hard to break.

But some—

Some were finally changing.

Or so what Egg and Flame liked to believe.

...

Flame thought that would be the last time.

It wasn't.

The second time Flame found out about it, it was entirely by accident.

Wemmbu had insisted he was “just going fishing.” when he asked the other for a sparring match.

Flame hadn't planned on following him. He really hadn't. He just... happened to be flying over the river an hour later, definitely. Patrolling out of habit, when he spotted a lone boat drifting far too slowly downstream.

At first, he thought it was abandoned.

Then he noticed the fishing rod.

Then the very familiar purple sleeve.

Flame circled once, lowering himself carefully until he hovered just above the water. The boat bobbed gently with the current, nudged along by the lazy pull of the river. Wemmbu lay sprawled at the edge of it, fishing rod loosely held in one hand—

Head tipped back.

Eyes closed.

Fast asleep.

The line was still cast.

Flame stared.

“...You have got to be kidding me.”

He landed lightly in the boat, careful not to tip it. The wood creaked softly beneath his weight, water lapping against the sides. Wemmbu didn't even twitch.

Flame crouched, squinting at him. His crown had slipped back, tangled in his hair. His breathing was slow, steady—deep in the kind of sleep people only fell into when their body gave up before their brain did.

The stars were out, reflecting faintly in Wemmbu's unfocused half-lidded gaze— because at some point, apparently, he'd tilted his head just enough to face the sky.

He wasn't fishing.

He was sleeping.

Flame pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You're going to drown one day," he muttered, reaching out to steady the rod before it slipped into the river. "Or get dragged under by a fish. And I'm going to have to explain that to Egg."

The boat drifted a little more. "Do you know how ridiculous that sounds?"

Flame sighed, tugged the line back in, and set the rod down carefully. He shrugged off his hoodie and draped it over Wemmbu's chest without thinking.

Wemmbu shifted slightly, mumbling something incoherent, then settled again.

Flame hesitated.

Then, very carefully, he sat down at the opposite end of the boat,

boots braced against the edge to keep it steady.

“...Unbelievable,” he said softly, eyes flicking back up to the stars.

But despite the frustration in his voice, he stayed until morning.

...

The third time hurt more.

They'd been training.

The clearing was familiar—worn earth, broken grass, scorch marks from old fights and sparring sessions that went on too long. It was their place. The one spot neither of them questioned returning to.

They'd pushed harder than usual that day.

Flame had noticed it first—the way Wemmbu's movements slowed just a fraction, reactions dulled, elytra stuttering mid-air before snapping back into place.

“You’re tired,” Flame said, lowering his weapon. “Let’s take a break.”

“I’m fine,” Wemmbu insisted, wiping sweat from his brow. “One more round.”

Flame narrowed his eyes. “That wasn’t a suggestion.”

Wemmbu grinned anyway. “Scared I’ll win?”

Flame scoffed, amusement lacing his voice. “In your dreams.”

They didn’t finish that round.

Somewhere between Flame turning his back to grab water and Wemmbu sitting down “for a second,” when everything went quiet.

Too quiet.

Flame turned back.

Wemmbu was lying flat on his

back in the grass, arms folded loosely over his chest. His elytra were half-spread, The machinery shining under the sunlight as he basked in the rays.

Asleep.

Just like that.

Flame froze.

“...Wemmbu?”

No response.

He crossed the clearing in three long strides, crouching beside him. No injuries. No labored breathing. Just exhaustion—bone-deep and merciless.

Flame stared down at him, chest tight.

“This isn’t funny,” he muttered.

He sat down beside him instead, knees drawn up, one hand hovering uselessly before finally brushing grass from Wemmbu’s hair. The ground was cold. Open. Exposed.

Unsafe.

Flame swallowed.

“You don’t know when to stop, do you?” he murmured.

Wemmbu shifted, face turning slightly toward him, brow relaxing as if the sound of Flame's voice alone anchored him.

Flame stayed there longer than he meant to.

When Wemmbu eventually woke up—blinking blearily at the sky, confused and sheepish—Flame didn't say a word.

He just said, quietly, "Next time you're tired, you tell me."

Wemmbu hesitated.

Then nodded.

"...Okay."

Flame wasn't sure he believed him.

But this time—

He walked him home anyway.

Wemmbu had always found the stars to be comforting.

Lost deep within the sparkling constellations above, he let out a slow breath as he shifted slightly, careful not to slip from the branch he was sprawled across. Leaves rustled beneath him, the tree swaying gently with the night wind.

It had been a week since he'd given Flame the antidote.

A week of restless nights, of staring at the sky and replaying the same memory over and over until it felt worn thin. The conversation looped in his head like a broken record, every word etched far too clearly.

"Here, take this."

Wemmbu held out the vial, the glass cool against his fingers. Inside, the luminescent blue liquid swirled softly, glowing faintly even in the dim light.

"It'll fix everything," he'd said, almost too quickly.

Flame had stared at it, knuckles white as his hand trembled with the slightest movement. The liquid responded to every shake, sloshing gently, taunting.

"Fix... everything?" Flame had whispered.

Wemmbu remembered the way Flame's eyes flickered then—uncertain, tired, afraid.

Was he ready?

Ready to let go of everything?

Of course he was. At least, that was what Flame kept telling himself. There was nothing worth holding onto anyway. All he had ever been was an accident. A test subject. A lab rat caught between two best friends who'd never meant for things to go this far.

All he had to do was drink the antidote.

Get rid of the feelings.

Make it stop.

Flame had gone quiet after that. Too quiet.

Then—

“No.”

The word had hit Wemmbu like a splash of cold water.

“No?” he’d blurted out. “What do you mean, no?”

“I don’t want to drink this.” Flame’s fingers had tightened around the vial. “...Not yet.”

“What are you—Flame, don’t you understand?” Wemmbu’s voice had risen despite himself. “Drinking that will fix everything. It’ll get rid of the feelings and everything will go back to normal!”

Normal.

The look Flame had given him then was sharp enough to cut. A look Wemmbu wished he could forget, but never could.

“How do I know this will fix everything?” Flame had snapped. “How do I know it’s not just another failure? Another potion you two were too dumb to understand?”

The words had stung. Badly.

Wemmbu remembered his chest tightening, heat crawling up his neck. “You think I don’t want to fix this?” he shot back. “Egg had triple-checked the ingredients. He followed the book exactly. This isn’t some rushed experiment!”

Wemmbu took a step forward, “Flame, just— please. Just drink it.”

“And amplify the effect even more?” Flame countered. “How can I trust your words, Wemmbu?”

Silence had fallen between them, thick and suffocating.

Wemmbu had opened his mouth, then closed it again. He wanted to argue—wanted to defend himself, to insist that this time was different. But beneath Flame’s anger was something else. Fear. Real, shaking fear.

Wemmbu wanted nothing but to erase that emotion and replace it with something joyous.

“What if I drink it,” Flame continued, voice quieter now, “and I lose everything? What if those feelings are the only thing that feels real anymore?”

That had been the moment Wemmbu stopped arguing.

He’d reached out slowly, carefully, and wrapped Flame’s fingers back around the vial. Not pushing. Not forcing. Just grounding.

“...Fine. Don't drink it then.” Wemmbu said, softer.

Flame had looked at him, stunned.

“You don’t have to decide right now,” Wemmbu continued. “Take your time. Get used to it. Get used to the idea of it. I’m not going anywhere.”

A lie, maybe—but one he was willing to stand by.

Now, a week later, Wemmbu stared up at the stars, their distant glow reflecting faintly in his eyes. He wondered if Flame was looking at the same sky. If the vial was still tucked safely away.

He hoped—quietly, desperately—that when Flame was ready, he'd choose himself.

With a soft sigh, he let his eyelids fall and enveloped the darkness into a hug.

Trust.

Trust was fragile between them. Brittle, like glass already cracked and one careless touch away from shattering completely.

He wanted to earn it back—though he wasn't sure there had ever been any to begin with. Still, he wanted to fix it. To mend whatever had been broken and make it up to him, even if he didn't know where to start.

And trust requires Wemmbu to play the waiting game—although he isn't that much of a patient man, he's willing to wait however long it takes him.

Determination settled heavily in his chest as a plan slowly took shape, thoughts blurring and softening as he drifted closer and closer to dreamland.

...

Wemmbu woke the next morning with the ache of it still lingering in his chest, the same determination from the night before settling deeper instead of fading. If trust couldn't be forced, then he'd stop trying to force it. He'd start smaller.

He spent longer than he'd like to admit preparing. Clearing a quiet spot away from the base, somewhere familiar but not suffocating. Somewhere Flame wouldn't feel cornered. He even fumbled with his inventory more than once, checking and rechecking until his fingers finally brushed against the small wrapped item tucked carefully away.

The earring was simple. A single piece—gold, warm and polished, catching the light just right. At its center sat a ruby, deep red and steady, nothing like the volatile glow of potion glass. Wemmbu had made it himself, hands clumsy but patient. Melted the gold. Set the stone. Started over twice when it didn't feel right.

He'd told himself it didn't mean anything.

That it was just a gift.

Flame arrived later than expected, cautious as ever. His eyes scanned the area first before landing on Wemmbu. There was tension in his shoulders, but he stayed. That alone felt like a victory.

“...You wanted to see me?” Flame asked.

“Yeah,” Wemmbu replied.

Flame hesitated, then nodded once.

Flame expected something more... Wemmbu-like. He expected a spar match, a rematch, or something that's Wemmbu-coded.

Hence his outfit, he was wearing full netherite armor— his signature sword strapped to his waist.

In comparison, Wemmbu wasn't even wearing any armor. Just his usual daily outfit with his cape dancing against the wind behind him.

Just a few feet away from them lay a picnic rug and on it was a basket— probably full of food.

...Has he perhaps overdressed for the occasion?

“I thought—” Flame started, pink tints the edges of his ears as he rubbed the back of his neck. “I thought you wanted to spar.”

Wemmbu was quiet for a moment, *‘is that why he's wearing armor?’* he couldn't help but chuckle. “No, idiot,” he started, walking towards the basket with Flame following close behind. “I thought a break would be great.”

They sat side by side, close enough to share space but far enough to breathe.

For a while, they talked about nothing. The weather. A ruined build. A stupid thing Egg had done earlier that week. The silence between them shifted, no longer sharp—just cautious.

Wemmbu took a breath. “I made something for you.”

Flame stiffened slightly as Wemmbu held out the small bundle. “It’s not that much but here,” Wemmbu added quickly. “I just... wanted you to have it.”

Flame unwrapped it slowly. His fingers paused when the gold caught the light, ruby gleaming softly in his palm.

“...An earring?”

“Just one,” Wemmbu said. “I figured—if you don’t like it, you don’t have to wear it. Or keep it. Or—yeah.” Wemmbu looked away, flushed.

Flame looked at it for a long moment before asking quietly, “You made this?”

Wemmbu nodded. “Took me a while. I messed it up a lot.”

“...Why?”

The question was simple. The answer wasn't.

"Because." Wemmbu could only mutter.

Flame's grip tightened slightly around the earring. "You put more care into this than you did when you handed me the antidote."

Wemmbu winced—but didn't deny it. "Shut up."

Silence stretched again, but this time it felt different.

"I wasn't thinking about how scared you were," Wemmbu continued. "I just wanted everything to stop hurting. For you. For us. I thought fixing it fast was the same as fixing it right."

Wemmbu swallowed. "And the antidote?"

"It's still there," Wemmbu said. "Not going anywhere. Just like me." He hesitated, then added, "You don't have to drink it yet. I'll wait."

Flame stared down at the ruby, its steady red glow reflected faintly in his eyes. Slowly, carefully, he lifted the earring and hooked it in place.

"I'm not ready," Flame said at last.

"I know," Wemmbu replied.

“But...” Flame exhaled, shoulders easing just a fraction. “Thank you. For this.”

It wasn't forgiveness.

It wasn't trust.

But it was something.

And for now, that was enough.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! Sorry for the sudden mini-break, it's finals weeks and I haven't been getting much sleep lately due to school and work. Whenever I'd work on this chapter I always fall asleep mid-editing

TT

Updates might be delayed for a little bit, I apologize in advance
 ☹️

Also, if you couldn't tell, this chapter was made half-asleep so I'm sorry if there's any errors TT I'll fix it when I have the time!

I hope y'all enjoy this small break from angst lol, thanks so much for reading and for all the kudos too! Holy heck I didn't even realized this fic is at 10k already bro y'all are insane

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!